

MEM RM  
Wood, E

MEM 201

Scrap Book 1942-1943

# SCRAP BOOK



Earline Wood  
Died January 22, 1944  
Graduated from ECJC 1943  
Louisville High School

10/31/42

# Around The Corner

Around the corner I have a friend,  
In this great city that has no end;  
Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,  
And before I know it a year is gone,  
And I never see my old friend's face,  
For Life is a swift and terrible race.  
He knows I like him just as well  
As in the days when I rang his bell  
And he rang mine. We were younger then,  
And now we are busy, tired men:  
Tired with playing a foolish game,  
Tired with trying to make a name.  
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,  
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."  
But tomorrow comes--and tomorrow goes,  
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner!--yet miles away.....  
Here's a telegram, sir.....

"Jim died today."  
And that's what we get, and deserve in the end:  
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Charles Hanson Towne



# "A BOY AND HIS STOMACH"

What's the matter with you?  
Ain't I always been your friend?  
Ain't I been a pardner to you?  
All my pennies don't you spend?  
In gettin' nice things for you,  
Don't I give you lots of cake?  
Say, stummick, what's the matter  
That you had to go and ache?

Say, what's the matter with you—  
Ain't you satisfied at all?  
I gave you all you wanted,  
You was hard just like a ball.  
An' you couldn't hold another bit  
of puddin,  
Yet las' night  
You ached mos' awful, stummick;  
That ain't treatin' me jes' right.

Why, I loaded you with good  
things,  
Yesterday I gave you more  
potatoes, squash and turkey than  
You'd ever had before.  
I gave you nuts and candy,  
Pumpkin pie an' chocolate cake,  
An' las' night when I got to bed  
You had to go and ache.

## THE STOMACH'S REPLY TO THE BOY

Well, boy, I am a friend of yours, and I'll do the best I can,  
If you do not abuse me, to make of you a man.  
You asked me what's the matter — why I had to go an' ache.  
cake?

Yes, you loaded me with good things, potatoes, squash and  
turkey; more  
Than you had ever given me in the time befor;  
Then you gave me nuts and candy, pumpkin pie and chocolate  
cake  
Until I had to work so hard it made my poor sides ache.  
Then you failed to chew your food last night and swallowed it  
most whole,  
That's why they gave you castor oil, your stomach to console.  
"Cou're awful sick this morning?"  
Well I guess you ought to be,  
Because you do not chew the things you're stuffin' into me.  
You ask: "What's the matter, stummick, ain't you satisfied  
at all?"  
When you try to put a gollon where two pints are none too  
small.  
'Til I was hard just like a ball, and I just had to ache.  
You say you've been a friend to me and I've not befriended you?  
You've abused and overcrowded me 'til I'm sore all through and  
through;  
You gave me all I wanted before you gave me pie and cake!  
Then yo uasked me what's the mhat's the matter that I had  
to go and ache!

## "FATHER WE THANK THEE"

Father in Heaven,  
We thank Thee for life  
And for the privilege  
Of being a wife.

For children and husband,  
And a place to share  
The joys and sorrows,  
That must enter there.

We thank Thee for flowers,  
And April showers,  
For the birds and bees,  
That hum in the trees.

For country life so old,  
Which is as pure as gold  
When we pause and think,  
And to it, God, link.

Father in Heaven,  
We thank Thee again,  
For the many blessings,  
That shower us as rain.

For the beauty of living,  
With people so forgiving  
May we ever be faithful, Lord,  
To friends, and Thee.

—Mrs. C. E. Powell,  
Sunflower County.

## IF YOU'LL LIVE TRUE

"Your life is leased to you only,  
And in all that you say or do,  
It belongs to the people who love  
you—

It doesn't belong to you!

It belongs to the place where you  
are living,  
It belongs to your job and your  
friends

To use to the finest advantage  
Before the lease of it ends.

It isn't your own to be wasting,  
It belongs, in the fullest amount  
To the world—and don't be for-

getting  
You must render a final ac-  
count.

So don't treat your life lease  
lightly,  
Fulfill it with honor instead;  
And when it runs out you'll dis-  
cover

There's another far better  
ahead,

If you've lived truly this one  
without color."

*The courage of youth, for American Truth  
Cannot be denied;  
For want to give, for her to live  
Many men have died.*

*We live today, the American way  
For to us there can be no other;  
Than the U. S. A., as she is today  
Our loving, guiding MOTHER!  
—Pfc. Tom Van Hecke, Med. Dept., Ft.  
Bragg, N. C.*

## We Help U. S. Defense

*Once again we're called upon to do,  
A favor for our country true.  
Our fathers have fought hardships of  
various types,  
To uphold the honor of the Stars and  
Stripes.  
We too should try the best we can,  
And prove that we're true American.*

*Strikes and riots, won't help us any,  
To defend us against our enemy.  
So let's help, one and all,  
And protect our country from a fall.*

*To the good Lord, we should pray,  
That we live in the good old U. S. A.  
Let's work happily and shout aloud,  
To be Americans, we are proud.*

By ALBERT HINES

Grandfather bought it years ago,  
When he was starting out.  
There were no tractors, trucks, or  
cars  
The day he hauled it out.

He placed it by the woodshed door,  
Some sixty years ago,  
And there it ground the farmstead  
tools,  
Come rain or sleet or snow.

Each fall it ground the axes keen,  
In spring the mattock's blade.  
At harvest time it lent a hand  
Beneath the maple's shade. . .

How things have changed since that  
warm day  
Grandfather bought the stone  
And hauled it in the rude oxcart  
To his new cabin home!

Tall men who swung the cradle then  
Are sleeping on the hill;  
The voice that called them home  
at noon  
Forevermore is still.

New faces came upon the scene,  
New feet ran out to play,  
But by the woodshed door the stone  
Turned on from day to day. . .

And though I used to hate the stone  
(It ground so hard and slow!),  
I love it now because it knew  
Those folks of long ago.

## TONIGHT

Tonight  
I saw a star fall from the sky  
Swiftly  
Silently  
It shivered  
Through the darkness  
And brightly carved on high  
A splendid scar.  
Against the sky  
Smoothly,  
Surreptitiously  
It slipped  
From its proper niche  
To fall  
To this  
Magnetic  
Earth—  
And die—  
I've seen  
Ambitious things before  
Fall from a sky.

## U. S. A.

*Under the flag of Liberty  
Safe is the land of the free  
America, the land of Democracy.*

*Uppish and mighty are we  
Sworn to remain in unity  
America, the land of Democracy.*

*United in justice are we  
Salute us; for ever we will be  
America, the land of Democracy.*

## Join the Army

If you want to be a man  
And do all you can for your country  
Join the Army!

If you are the dumbest guy that's free  
They'll make you the man you'd like to be  
If you join the Army!

They'll make a gentleman of you  
In all the things that are good and true  
If you join the Army!

If you are looking for a wife  
To be the joy of your life  
Join the Army!

When the uniform the girls can see  
They'll say, "That's the guy for me,"  
So join the Army!  
—Leah Manuel, 905 Lake St., Elmira, N. Y.  
—Courtesy Sgt. Jack C. Schmus, 1202nd  
Service Unit, A.R.S. Elmira, N. Y.

# An Older Mother Speaks

They come to me with questions in their eyes,  
These mothers of small daughters and small sons,  
They tell me of their longing to be wise  
In rearing their own precious little ones.  
And I who have lived longer, far, than they,  
Who understand their seeking hearts so well,  
Look backward through the long years that I may  
Find something wise and beautiful to tell.

And always there is God. I speak of Him.  
Without His help no mother's heart could bear  
The anxious hours, the swift bright days abrim  
With grave responsibility and care.  
And if I had no other word to give,  
After the winding roadways I have trod,  
This would be my message: While you live,  
O dear young mothers, give your children God.

## MY ROBIN

My Robin went away last Fall,  
And never said goodbye,  
I've thought and thought and thought again,  
And often wondered why.

They say it's instinct makes them go,  
So I looked up that word,  
And sure enough the dictionary says  
That impulse guides the bird.

Now Winter's come and Winter's gone,  
And here again it's Spring,  
I think I've waited long enough  
To hear my Robin sing.

But what is that I heard just now  
Amid the din and throng  
'Twas my own Robin back again,  
Singing his first, sweet song.

Billy Johnston

## The Quartermaster Corps

*You add one million  
And you add a million more,  
But what's one million  
To the Quartermaster Corps.*

*You work that typewriter,  
And you type like hell,  
And you don't stop typin'  
'Til you hear that bell.*

*Then you figure out this,  
And you figure out that,  
From GI cans,  
To the barracks cat!*

*It's 600 mops  
And handles for them too,  
With couple dozen brushes,  
And a pot or two of glue.*

*Rations go here  
And rations go there,  
Rations—Rations  
I'll tear out my hair.*

*They gypped on the ice,  
They gypped on the hay,  
But I'll get even,  
With that outfit—some day.*

*You add one million  
And you add a million more,  
But what's one million  
To the Quartermaster Corps!*

## LILACS

By BERTA CLEVELAND JONES

*Lilacs are always memory flowers.  
They grow beside old country places,  
Closed doors and windows blank of faces;  
They guard old secrets, hushed and grave,  
Through early summer's singing hours—  
Heavy with fragrance of the brave.*



### Duff For the Rookie

THERE always was plenty  
Of dough puncher's punk  
And sinkers and hardtacks  
A rookie could dunk;

Of them he was weary—  
He wanted more duff  
Along with his black-strap!  
He'd had quite enough

Of gold fish and slum  
And sow belly, and jacks  
Slapped high on his plate  
In dependable stacks.

He wanted more duff!  
And he could do with less  
Of much that was offered  
In mess after mess.

But b-acheing seemed  
Such an infantile trick;  
And, though he was goaty,  
He would not bootlick.

He wasn't a mitt flopper;  
Hadn't cold feet;  
He thought coffee coolers  
Had no right to eat.

He listened to Sawbone  
And Holy Joe crawl  
And jump—and remembered  
The truth of it all.

He wanted no bob tail,  
Was willing to bone,  
And though duff was lacking,  
No cit heard him moan.

Only his bunkie, who watched,  
Deep in thought,  
Was sweating a crack-up:  
French leave, like as not!

Around Toothpick Village  
And dozen Soap Suds row,  
The rookie walked briskly—  
With no place to go.

And then he went strolling  
Past Officer's Line;  
He thought any house looked  
Especially fine.

C. O. and O. D.  
And O. G. and O. M.!  
Some day he'd be winning  
Good fogies with them!  
He'd board a peashooter,  
And, buzzing a town,  
Shout "How!" to the Bow-leg  
Before he came down.

He'd never be busted,  
Nor rate an I. C.  
No dog tag of his  
On the carpet would be!  
Instead of jaw boning  
Like shave-tails, he'd wait  
Until the next scandal sheet  
Slid up to date.

He'd eat Stars and Stripes,  
While the slum burner said  
That any old issue  
Would count him well-fed.

Saluting a hobo  
And razing a beans,  
He hiked to his tent,  
Where he learned what it means

To be a brave hero:  
A box straight from home  
Was waiting, well filled  
With divinity foam

And chocolate fudges  
And mother-made cookies  
To comfort a . . . lengthening  
Line of bright rookies!  
—Maud Mero Doolittle, 2588 Valencia  
Drive, San Bernardino, Cal.

Procrastination is the thief of  
time:

Year after year it steals, till all  
are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment  
leaves

The vast concerns of an eternal  
scene. —Young.

### THE STORMS

By Alba King-Hudson

It was a dark and stormy night;  
The rain in torrents beat;  
The lightning's flash and silvery  
light  
Made very swift retreat.

The thunders roared not far  
away—  
The waves dashed high at sea;  
Among the trees, the wind held  
sway;  
And moaned in misery.

The shutters creaked; the old  
house shook;  
It seemed 'twould surely fall.  
From off the shelf I took a book,  
The One Book of them all.

A storm was raging in my soul—  
A storm of doubt and fear;  
Was I prepared to reach The  
Goal?  
Could I my own boat steer?

I opened wide the Dear Old Book,  
And read with joyous peace—  
And when at last I raised to look,  
Two fearful storms had ceased.

### HOLY THURSDAY

He knelt alone with folded hands  
In dim Gethsemane—  
He knelt beneath the shadow of  
A spreading olive tree;  
And night-swept flowers hung their  
heads,  
And night birds stilled their cry  
As, through the silence and the dusk,  
The centuries swept by.

His yesterdays were crowded with  
Cruel treachery and sadness—  
The morrow would hold racking pain  
And storm clouds and mob  
madness.  
And yet He knelt beneath a tree,  
Calm to the very last—  
And murmured, "God—Thy will, not  
mine!"  
While time and space rushed  
past. . . .

### In Retreat

The rain seeps down beneath my pack  
And soaks the shirt upon my back.  
The rifle sling my shoulder sears;  
My brain is black with hidden fears.  
The star shells burst to show our place;  
Their ghastly light reveals each face.  
The high explosive falling near  
Brings sounds of thunder to my ear.

Oh, God, if all of us must die,  
I've only this request, that I,  
And all my comrades marching here,  
May have a final chance to clear  
The stigma from our brains and names  
By pushing onward to the flames.  
If we must die, then let it be  
With face toward the foe, for me.  
—Leonard C. Carstens, Ft. Worden, Wash.

### Field Artillery Man!

I've soldiered around,  
And I've seen many things.  
But there's one service  
For which my heart sings.

Let me lay a piece  
In the shimmering heat,  
Or lay a line  
In a blinding sleet.

You know what I like,  
And you know what I am,  
Red is my color,  
I'm a Field Artillery Man!

"Little bankroll, ere we part,  
Let me hug you to my heart;  
All the year I've clung to you  
I've been faithful, you've been true.  
Little bankroll, in a day  
You and I will start away;  
To a gay and festive spot.  
I'll come home—but you will not."

### Army-Fever

(With apologies to John Masfield)  
I must enlist in the Army again,  
The life that I love best;  
And all I need is a suitcase,  
A train will do the rest;  
And when I get there and swear in,  
All the boys will say,  
"He said that he'd never come back,  
But now he's here to stay."

I must enlist in the Army again,  
For the call of many good friends;  
Who stay in the service for thirty years,  
Their call is quite intense;  
And all I want is a pair of shoes,  
The size about twelve and a quarter,  
Some G.I. clothes, a nice soft bunk,  
And I'll never roam any farther.

I must enlist in the Army again,  
To the good old soldier life;  
The only place where with 21 a month,  
Some fellows support a wife;  
And all I ask is some recruit,  
To bring mem'ries back to me;  
And a darn bugler to wake me up,  
Next morning at reveille.

### To a P. O. Box

Of course I came! Why shouldn't I?  
Don't frown at me!  
I came yesterday and today;  
I will come tomorrow and the next day,  
And the day after that;  
Nothing short of a broken leg  
Shall keep me from coming,  
Because you hold my happiness  
In your long, brown palm,  
All my little heartaches,  
My rejection slips,  
The long green checks that I convert  
Into silk stockings and tooth-paste.  
The snow is never too deep—  
The sun too hot  
To keep me away;  
This morning, even the telegraph wires  
Overhead were singing,  
Because they knew that you hold  
My happiness all wrapped up in a neat,  
White package and stamped  
"Territory of Hawaii."  
Well, here I am! Shake!  
What . . . No happiness for me today?  
Shucks! 'Bye!  
See you tomorrow.  
—Ruth Colton Emery, Penfield, N. Y.

### CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSS

"Forgive, they know not what they do."  
Came from the Son of God.  
He paid the price there on the tree,  
And with Him we must trod.

He said: "Thief, thou shalt be to-day  
With me in Paradise."  
For all the sin of the wide world,  
Jesus paid the price.

To a loving Mother: "Behold thy son."  
Came from His lips.  
Suffering excruciating pain, the dregs  
Of sin He sips.

Loud the cry: "My God, why hast thou  
Forsaken me" upon the tree!  
Appaling darkness hovered there,  
As dark, as dark could be.

The Syrian sun refuse to shine  
The God forsaken earth:  
In awful agony there he hung,  
Crying aloud: "I thirst."

With all the pain of carnal man  
He bowed His Holy head  
And calmly said: "It's finished."  
The Son of God was dead!

—E. P. CRADDOCK.

### MISSISSIPPI

"O, Paradise!" the traveler cried,  
"Here let me build my home;  
Here let me live and die content,  
And never, never, roam.  
But tell me, pray what name it bears,  
This garden rich and great?"  
"This," gently sighed the verdant pines,  
"Is Mississippi State!"

# HE LIVES

I have made a carved altar of my heart.  
I have hung the pictured Christ above it there,  
And in that quietness, alone, apart,  
I kneel in prayer.  
Sometimes His white compassion is a flame  
That burns about me like a living fire;  
Often His quiet voice speaks out my name,  
And my desire  
Is granted me . . . But Oh, last Friday night  
I saw them raise my Christ upon a cross!  
He hung there stark against the sunset light,  
And my great loss  
Fell on my heart and weighted it like stone,  
And then today, as dawnlight swept the land  
There in a garden's shadows all alone  
I saw Him stand!  
The weight upon my heart was rolled aside.  
The candle flame leapt up that had grown dim—  
"He is living! Living!" joyfully I cried,  
And ran to Him.

### The Flag We Love

All across our mighty nation,  
Greeted by a great ovation;  
Hearts are filled with exultation,  
When we behold Our Country's Flag!

Like an eagle proudly flying,  
All our hopes in thee relying;  
Never are our souls denying,  
Love for Thee, Our Wondrous Flag!

Symbol of our mighty nation,  
Always be our inspiration  
Through each trying situation  
Long may Old Glory Wave!  
—Pvt. Ralph O'Barrett, Btry. "G,"  
61st C.A., Fort Sheridan, Ill

### A Doughboy's Pledge

A pledge to Uncle Sam, you doughboys,  
For him we will do our best,  
Should one fall 'ere the morrow  
Was writ to only be one less.

Let us shed a tear for loved ones  
Safe at home in Heaven's Lines,  
Let's hope they never know our glory  
Nor the shallow victories we find.

Let's hope the guy that got our jobs  
Also gets a raise in pay;  
To the men our sweethearts marry  
Give our best blessings while we may.

Let the victor on the morrow  
Take with him the bloody spoils;  
So long pals, another later,  
Now we have to sweat and toil.

—Corporal Samuel R. Hall,  
15th Infantry, Fort Lewis

### ODE TO A G.I. HAIRCUT

You sit in the chair and  
Hold your breath,  
Your face is pale and  
Cold as death.  
The scissors fly and  
So does your hair,  
Your neck gets red and  
Your skull gets bare.  
You feel a breeze and  
Cough and sneeze,  
You're still alive boy . . . but,  
Your friends will know  
Wherever you go  
Your hair is G.I. cut!



DON'T look now, but it's spring, tra la,  
And winter's trappings—like that!—go blah  
Oh, spring is here, with its rising sap,  
When a rapt expression engulfs my map  
And my eyeballs roll and I go around  
On my very own brand of mayhem bound,  
With a sticky paintbrush behind each ear  
And a sudden Elsie de Wolfe-ish leer  
And a hamstrung conscience that bodes no good  
To the best burl walnut and satinwood.

It's spring—and home is a pit of gloom,  
A dingy prison, a dismal tomb;  
So I paint the dining room shocking pink,  
Dab passion flowers around the sink,  
Stipple the hall a modest red  
And dot mauve stars on the guest-room bed;  
And the foyer's presently pure Van Gogh,  
While the study's a dream in pistachio.

I paint the tables, I paint the chairs;  
I stripe the ceilings and scallop the stairs;  
I tint the weather vane crimson madder  
And they come and get me  
with the hook and ladder.  
The pantry's purple, and rather mad;  
The steps are sort of a spotted plaid;  
The bath is full of surrealist nudes  
Trolling for eels in fuchsia snoods.  
I spatter my hair, the rugs, the walls,  
But still, inexorably, Art calls.

Don't look now, but it's spring, to-woo,  
I know it's here by the gentian blue,  
The primrose yellow, the willow green  
Of the paint I sling in my spring routine,  
And the scented air that is rare as wine  
With the heady bouquet of turpentine.  
Though winter may find no creature duller,  
Comes spring—and I'm carnage in technicolor

## ODE TO A SUNDAY K.P.

There you sit beside a tent,  
And all the joy in life is spent  
How can you go on a payday spree  
While doing a Holiday K.P.

In one hand you grasp a pasty potato,  
The other entwines a timely tomato.  
Peel 'em thin and control your thoughts  
For when you're thru, next comes the pots.

Nice big pans all thick with gooey  
So rub and scrub—goldarn it—phooey!  
Rice pudding,—fish,—Macaroni,—stew,  
Everything sticks like G.I. glue!

Oh why did you let that rusty gun  
Get that way and spoil your fun?  
The sun goes down,—you can hardly see,  
Will it never end,—this darn K.P.

From Western Coast to Eastern Seaboard  
Rages the battle of the keyboard,  
For storming the pianoforte  
Is famous as an Indoor Sport.  
Surrounded by a hundred men,  
Like Daniel in the Lions' Den,  
The VIRTUOSO takes his seat,  
Preparing to resist defeat.  
A few stray shots, with unconcern  
He ducks, and coolly waits his turn,  
It comes, and shooting flats and sharps  
He knocks them for a row of harps.  
Courageous as a stag at bay,  
He's up, he's down, he's got away—  
The fighting stops, the music ends;  
They usually part as friends.

## THAT HAT

by Ogden Nash

A girl, oh a girl is a wonderful thing,  
And so I am happy to say is spring,  
And a girl in spring is the absolute  
works  
But for one conspicuous item that irks:  
That hat.

A girl in spring is a skylark's hymn,  
An evensong in a cloister dim,  
A moon in June and a dove in love,  
But why the discordant detail above:  
That hat?

The crocuses put their best feet fore-  
most  
The softest, tenderest raindrops pour  
most,  
Nature walks forth in a robe of dawn,  
And you, my love, what do you put on?  
That hat.

## MARCH

An angry wind flung wide my gate  
And hurried down my path,  
Whipping a rose so cruelly  
And scattering leaves in wrath.  
Then through the borders he roughly tore  
Down to the violet bed,  
Where he gently moved a coverlet  
And lifted a drooping head.

Martha Lindley Hall

## The Old Army Was Never Like This

By CORPORAL ROBERT V. LUCAS

NOTE: Corporal Lucas was on duty at a Fort in Virginia. The Army wanted him on the West Coast in a hurry. It sent him across via Commercial Airlines. This was just too much luxury for a Corporal used to the hard knocks of 60 pound packs, pup tents, and dusty roads. And then, of course, there was Alice, the Airlines' hostess, very petite, very vivacious; all of which, of course, brought forth poetry. Here 'tis:—

I'M sure there's been a big mistake  
A trick with mirrors—just a fake.  
For surely this cannot be me  
Supinely set in luxury!  
The Army never works this way  
It's just a dream that's gone with day.

My life is one of work and run—  
Shine my shoes and clean my gun.  
When Morpheus joins my meager lot  
He finds me in an Army cot.  
And when the streaks of morning come  
I eat from cold aluminum!

There is no one to seek my needs—  
When I am hungry—no one feeds.  
And when from weary work I tread  
To seek the comfort of my bed  
No dainty hand puts out the light—  
No gentle voice croons, "Nighty night."

And when I travel to and fro  
It's in the Army truck I go.  
I see the country just by luck  
But from behind a G. I. truck.  
My bones get shattered bump by bump  
While I get madder thump by thump.

BUT here I sit—I'm quite at ease  
I watch the scenery as I please.  
I'm ridin' high—by double A—  
The flagship too, I'm here to say!  
The ride is smooth, the seat is soft;  
It's warm and cozy here aloft.

When I am hungry there is food  
And served in quite the gayest mood.  
The Hostess brings a heaping tray—  
A tempting vitamin array.  
And any little thing you'd like  
She'll do—except to take a hike.

And what a pleasant sight is she—  
As lovely as you'd want to see.  
And she's the reason that I think  
I'm seein' things from too much drink  
Cause Army life is not like this—  
The Army doesn't know of bliss.

So even if it is a dream  
And I have wandered "off the beam"  
I'll tuck a robe across my lap—  
Have Alice give the light a snap  
And maybe she'll complete my flight  
By softly crooning, "Nighty night!"  
P. S. (She did!)

Last summer a turban of towel you  
wore —  
Your winter creation I chose to ignore;  
Your taste, methought, simply hiber-  
nated;  
But what did I get when for spring I  
waited?  
That hat.

A girl, oh a girl is a wonderful thing,  
And so I am happy to say is spring,  
And you are what I adore the sight of;  
But must I always adore you in spite  
of —  
That hat?

Purple the lilac and green the oaks,  
Is this the time for a milliner's hoax?  
Fun is fun and humor is humor  
But consider the ultimate consumer —  
Take off that hat!

## JULY AFTERNOON

The shadows slide across the velvet grass  
In patterns frail and gossamer as lace—  
The drowsy leaves nod as the breezes pass,  
The larkspur is half elfin in its grace.  
A bird drifts silently against the sky  
To meet a cloud as soft and white as fleece;  
Late sunlight warms a vivid butterfly—  
Here, in my garden, there is joy and peace.

But sitting quietly among the roses,  
I watch a beetle make its stealthy way  
Deep to a blossom's heart, where life reposes,  
And start to eat that lovely life away.  
"Ah, so is hate," I muse, "that lives on life—  
God pity every nation close to strife!"

## LOVE, YOUTH AND SPRING

By Jesse Stuart

We shall remember, Love, this night, this moon  
Splintering with golden spears the cool green cloud  
Of living liquid green; for soon, too soon,  
We shall not walk by twos among the proud.  
Tonight, we are the proud; we are the young  
And youth is here; we taste of life, devour;  
Our faith is mountains but we're glib of tongue,  
For season is full soon for springtime flower.  
Tomorrow's night might be too desolate;  
No leafy corridors, no Maytime bliss,  
No hollyhocks moon-silvered at the gate;  
Tomorrow's night surely can't equal this.

We shall walk on reluctant to the dawn  
With winny wind to breathe where cicadas sing  
Where nightjars in white moonlight float upon  
Green quivering mansions of eternal spring.

## Battle Song: Antitank

You want a man who marches straight  
And true as an arrow's flight,  
Who'll sweat all day to do a job  
Who's willing to fight at night  
Who'll take the toughest jobs they make  
And do it, and do it right—  
Try Anti-tank!

You want a guy who won't complain,  
They don't make 'em anymore  
But we have men who thrive on rain  
And know what fists are for,  
We have men who'll walk through pain  
And shout with a lusty roar—  
"Try Anti-tank."

You want a guy who shows respect  
As the Flag goes waving by,  
Yet laughs at blisters on his dogs  
When his mouth is hot and dry—  
You want a guy who forgets himself,  
And thinks of you and I—  
Co., 111th Inf., Indiantown Gap, Pa.

## Remember Now

Remember now how dark it was that  
night  
When you sat in your chair, and I in  
mine,  
And you said, "How are you?"—and I  
said, "Fine."  
And then we spoke about the speed  
of light,  
And how New York would profit by  
the Fair?

THE FARMER  
FEEDS THEM ALL

A recent issue of the Booneville Banner carried the following tribute to the farmer.

The politician talks and talks,  
The actor plays his part;  
The soldier glitters on parade,  
The goldsmith plies his art.  
The scientist pursues his germ  
O'er the terrestrial ball,  
The sailor navigates his ships,  
But the farmer feeds them all.  
The preacher pounds the pulpit desk.  
The broker reads the tape,  
The tailor cuts and sews cloth  
To fit the human shape.  
The dame of fashion dressed in silk  
Goes forth to dine or call.  
Or drive, or dance, or promenade;  
But the farmer feeds them all.  
The workman wields his shining tools  
The merchant shows his wares;  
The aeronaut above the clouds  
A dizzy journey dares.  
But art and science soon would fade.  
And commerce dead would fall,  
If the farmer ceased to reap and sow,  
For the farmer feeds them all.

## Post Cards

Of all the things that bother me,  
(And there is quite a stack)  
The worst is picture post cards  
With nick-names on the back.

Some one sends a post card  
From a well known summer spot,  
Scribbles hackneyed greetings  
And then calmly signs it "Dot."

You've not the slightest clue at all,  
It's up to you to "guess"  
You might have gone to school with her  
Ten years ago, or less.

You might have met her at the Bar  
Of Nicky's "on the strand"  
Or swimming at Old Orchard Beach  
Or singing with a band.

With puzzled frown your mind runs back,  
To all the "Dots" you knew,  
But darned if you can figure out  
Who sent the card to you.

Your sunny day has clouded up  
For every now and then  
You find your mind has wandered  
To that post card once again.

But here is where the "rub" comes in,  
They think you'll know who sent it.  
And if you don't acknowledge it  
These people will resent it.

If people signed their Christian names  
Instead of "Jack" or "Bee"  
I'd get some real enjoyment  
From the post cards sent to me.

—Pvt. John T. Carroll, 211th C.A. (AA)  
Camp Hulén, Texas.

"CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE,  
BABY"

I can't give you anything but love, Baby,  
On twenty-one a month there's not much  
left, Baby;  
A cigarette, a glass of beer, that's just my  
speed,  
In the park, in the dark, millionaires got  
nothin' on me,  
I can promise, like the other guys, Baby,  
But what's the good of promises and lies,  
Baby?  
Cookie, I'm a Rookie, who's a prize Baby,  
I can't give you anything but love.

## "LAST TIME I SAW PARIS"

The last time I saw Doris, she promised to  
be true,  
She said Enlist and I'll resist, I'm strictly  
just for you;



## AMERICA'S SOLDIERS

Because of our soldiers America is the land of lands,  
No country so coveted on earth,  
We have Liberty, Justice and Freedom,  
We live in Peace and know its worth.

Because of our soldiers America will never  
Give way to dictators, shame and disgrace,  
America, the blessed land of privileges  
Will never bow and hide her face.

Mary Mabel McClallen

### Our Army Boys

They're the flower of creation,  
Our brave Army Boys,  
The pride of our Nation,  
They're guarding our joys,  
They're guarding our homes,  
And our liberty too;  
So brave Army Boys  
It is "Hats off to you!"

Weep, my children,  
Weep and cry.  
Your silly father's  
Gone out to die.  
The guns will rattle  
The bullets fly,  
And bloody corpses  
Like cherry pie  
Run red and sticky  
Where they lie.

So we bid them "God Speed,"  
And we smile as they leave;  
But when they are gone,  
Every Mother will grieve;  
Every Father will carry,  
A heart that is sore;  
Every Sweetheart will mourn  
When she sees you no more.

But life is a battle;  
And we must be brave,  
Since they are going,  
Our country to save.  
And if, by good fortune,  
These wars could dispel,  
How happy we'll be,  
No language can tell.

So here's to our Army,  
Our flag, and our land;  
Our homes shall be safe,  
While united we stand.  
And here's to our soldiers,  
So loyal and true;  
Brave boys of our Army,  
It's "Hats off" to you.

### A Flower

the mud was thick  
with slimy rot  
but over there  
a flower grew—

sharp barbed wire  
made it a crown—  
the sun smiled down  
upon my flower—

through blasting shocks  
my flower lived  
on battlefield—  
its curse was life

and valiantly  
my flower thrived—  
unharm'd by man—  
and made by God—

## To Those Who Wait

To you, the girls who wait at home,  
I write this little verse,  
While your soldier sweethearts roam  
Contentment is a curse.

You know not whether they'll return,  
And yet you always wait,  
Even death, you cannot spurn,  
Living just to wait.

You're living just a memory,  
Of things that were before,  
You say, "He will come back to me,  
He always has before."

The Gods of Fate look down and laugh,  
And call you fool and such  
The life you live, you live by half  
And yet it seems so much.

And so you'll go on waiting there  
Regardless of the price  
The Gods of Fate are never fair  
They play with loaded dice

You haven't got a chance to win  
You know it, I do too  
But waiting never was a sin,  
You see, I do it too.  
—Sgt. James F. Brown, Co. "C"  
Ketchikan, Alaska

## EARTH LOVER

By MYRTLE MARMADUKE

THERE'S never a spring moon hung in the sky  
And never a lilac blowing,  
But I think of the day that I must die;  
I know I must leave here by and by,  
And I have no will for the going.

Earth is a strife the coward flees,  
And heaven's a quiet place;  
But I have a love for things like these:  
A sudden wind in the waiting trees,  
And a wet leaf blown in my face.

O God, let heaven be not too still;  
My heart is so full of mirth!  
Let my friends be gay and my birds sing shrill—  
Or make me young again, if You will,  
For one more life on earth.

### I KNOW A NAME!

"I know a soul that is steeped in sin,  
That no man's art can cure;  
But I know a Name, a precious Name,  
That can make that soul all pure.

I know a life that is lost to God,  
Bound down by things of earth;  
But I know a Name, a precious Name,  
That can bring that soul new birth.

I know of lands that are sunk in shame,  
Of hearts that faint and tire;  
But I know a Name, a precious Name,  
That can set those lands on fire.

I know a Name, a precious Name,  
Its sound is a brand, its letters flame,  
I know a Name, a precious Name,  
That will set those lands on fire."

## HELL "HEILS" HITLER

The following poem was sent to us by Edgar Lampley, Jr., who is stationed in San Diego, California, with the request that we reproduce it:

### A MESSAGE FROM HELL

Hitler's at the telephone and he's talking very nice;  
He's trying to get the devil 'cause he wants some advice.  
"Hello, central, gimme hell;  
I've gotta talk to the devil about this European spell.  
Hello, old boy, I've got some news  
I've thrashed out all the Poles and all the darn Jews;  
I'm causing all kinds of trouble, but to me its mirth,  
I'm running a modern hell right here on earth.  
If you don't believe it just come up and see,  
I'm father of land and king of the sea.  
I'm fighting like hell and I'm

### Dreams of a Soldier

I've traveled this wide world over,  
And there was no work to be found.

So then I joined the Army,  
Where a man can settle down.

A lowly private, I found my lot,  
Here are some dream ideas I got.

If ever I get to be Private First Class,  
I'll tell all the Privates I'll take no sass.

And if to a corporality my life should lead,  
I'll tell the First Class no advice I'll need.

And if a Sergeant's Stripes I should attain,  
I'll hold all Corporals in lordly disdain.

And if to a Staff, I should rise,  
I'd hold me high in others' eyes.

A Tech Sergeant's job is really sweet,  
I'd knock all others off their feet.

And if a Top Kick I should rate,  
I'd give all Bucks the open gate.

Next a Master Sergeantcy,  
Then the ranks would envy me.

It's a Warrant Officer's rank I'm wanting,  
Then to retire with flags and bunting.

And then I'll lay away my tools of trade,  
And prepare myself for that final parade.

And when they are passing in review,  
I'll say to myself and then to them too.

Boys, my Army career is through,  
But you have yours ahead of you.  
—Sgt. Clarence H. Gann, Co. "D," 35th  
Inf., Camp Beauregard.

## I'll Be Content

It may be in some shambling shack  
Down by some dusty way  
From which the world has turned its back  
Where I shall go to stay;  
Or it may be some waterfront  
Where ships slip off to sea  
And highways weave out thru the land  
But never carry me,  
Just so I feel it's Heaven sent  
I'll be content.

It may be to some battle land  
That I shall bravely go  
And sternly face the last command  
And feel the brilliant flow;  
Or it may be an humble spot  
Beside some lonely stream  
Where mine shall be the common lot  
Of those who drudge and dream  
Just so I feel it's Heaven sent  
I'll be content.

It may be on some lofty seat  
Of strange serenity;  
It may be there I shall compete  
With men of destiny;  
Or it may be some heated place  
Amid the dizzy whirl  
That I shall find my part to face  
The madness of the world,  
Just so I feel it's Heaven sent  
I'll be content.

—Pvt. Henry Wooten, Battery H,  
206th C.A. (A.A.), Fort Bliss

### I KNOW A NAME

I know a soul that is steeped in sin,  
That no man's art can cure;  
But I know a Name, a Name, a Name,  
That can make that soul pure.

I know a life that is lost to God,  
Bound down by things of earth;  
But I know a Name, a Name, a Name,  
That can bring that soul new birth.  
—SELECTED

The simple ways are best;  
That heart is happiest,  
That spirit is thrice blest  
That seeks no wide renown.  
Better the quiet ways,  
Devoid of fame or praise,  
Where gladly run the days  
Far from the noisy town.

For there the Word is bright  
At dawn or candlelight,  
Or in the hush of night,  
Or with the Sabbath calm.  
The healing Gospel grows,  
As every seeker knows,  
Within the crimson rose,  
And spreads its soothing balm.

In every roadside flower  
It speaks with trembling po  
In every silent hour  
The Message whispers pl  
The voice of God is heard  
In every singing bird,  
And when you speak His W  
It comes to earth again.

## I SING FOR THESE

Let others sing for the great hero,  
Who proudly scales the heights of fame.  
I sing for the ones that few men know,  
For the ones unknown to wild acclaim.

I gladly sing for the fainting toiler  
Whose back is breaking beneath his load.  
He is enslaved by his despoiler  
Who makes his path a lonely road.

I sing for the one that grieves alone;  
So long forgotten and sick at heart.  
Who is too callous to even moan  
Or feel the sting of a fiery dart.

I sing for one who died on a cross,  
Who died to take our burdens away.  
His love atones for all our loss  
And turns black night to fairest day.

## A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Tonight, and there may never come  
another night  
When I can hold you in my arms, dear,  
Give me your smiles and kisses  
Put from your heart torturing fear.

Quiet, and then the big guns roar  
And send flaming torches through the sky—  
We've only a few hours yet together  
Please don't cry when we say goodbye.

Joy, and then it's snatched away,  
But faith and courage you gave me, dear,  
And no matter what my duty night or day,  
I'll feel your love and presence near.

### HEADSTONE

Quiet has come upon this hill.  
Here is no sound:  
The copper snake is still  
Within the ground.  
No bird stirs

Within the leafless wood.  
This silent hill is hers  
And it is good.

### SWEET REVENGE

I would I were the rouge upon  
your cheeks;  
Then life would be one long,  
delightful frolic.  
When touched by lips of bold,  
bad rival geeks,  
I'd give each one the painter's  
colic.

### MILITARY RESERVATION

A hundred and fifty years ago  
'Twas howling wilderness here;  
Stalking Injun, very hungry,  
Went forth to hunt a deer.

But this is nineteen forty-one,  
This Army post is of modern phase  
A stalking deer, with eyes aglow  
Goes forth to hunt a man.

The Simple Ways



# The Fawn

## RAYMOND HOLDEN

Lithograph by Conrad Buft

LIFT up your head. Stop blood and breath  
Stare, shy one, from the familiar shade  
Of forest, beyond which lies death,  
And the live fury men have made.

Look how the grass moves, where it should  
Be still this windless morning. Look!  
Something is crouching there where stood  
A bronze-leaved alder and a brook.

O wary one, why not go flying  
Before you know? Why do you pause,  
One foot lifted and one foot trying  
The twig-strewn turf of leaves and straws?

It is I that bar your wide-eyed way.  
I stalk the secret heart you bear.  
Your nostrils know me, yet you stay,  
Tasting the cold, man-scented air.

Will you, if I am still and calm,  
Come closer, suffer me to rise  
And, holding up a weaponless palm,  
Show you the fawn within my eyes?

### THE GIFT

By Edith C. Judd

Have you ever dreamed a poem  
While you're making lemon pies,  
Or seen a meal's potatoes  
Stare at you with small brown eyes,  
Or, perhaps, a fresh white cabbage  
Waits for you to shave its head,  
Or you know you should be weeding  
Out the garden flower bed?



Still the urge to write is on you,  
Though your hands are never free  
And there's dust upon the stairway,  
Or it's time to brew the tea;  
Then the children's gleeful voices  
Break into your thoughts and yet  
There's that urgent, potent whisper  
That you never can forget.



So, somehow, the pies get finished  
And the family says they're good;  
The potatoes lose their jackets  
And the cabbage makes fine food;  
All the children have attention  
And the tea is in the pot,  
But that poem does get written  
And is printed—or is not!

### To My Son

I know a soldier who is  
Brave and true,  
He's honest, he's noble, he's kind  
Through and through.  
He's always been a soldier,  
Though his serving years are two,  
He's proud of his khaki uniform  
From his cap, right down to his shoe.  
I am proud of him  
And all he's done  
For all he is  
And the stripes he's won.

He's wholesome and loyal  
He's a lad really white  
His name is Sam Casey  
And if he has to, he can fight.

And just like him  
There is many other  
Serving God and one another.

He feels each serving man, his brother,  
This I know,  
Because, I am his Mother.  
—Mrs. W. W. Baker, 902 Kipp St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Must Mention Camp Bowie

Editor, OUR ARMY:

In your latest issue of OUR ARMY, I was very much disappointed not to find any mention of my own Home Town Camp, Camp Bowie, which in my opinion, is the very best Camp in "Dear Old Texas!"

May I tell you a few things in regard to our Camp? It is situated about three miles from the town of Brownwood, Texas. It is considered the largest one in size in the State of Texas.

Of course, Camp Bowie is noted for its "36th Division." There is also located in our town the "8th Army," which consists of around two hundred Soldiers. There have been rumors that our "beloved 36th" would be moved to some other destination. Though we hate to see them move, we know that they will make whatever camp they should be transferred to, the very best Soldiers they could have. What more could we wish for?

In your next issue of OUR ARMY won't you please mention something regarding our own Camp Bowie? It makes us in our community feel very downcast to be "left out."

May I add this little poem in conclusion of my letter?

To all of you who read this,  
Do you love our Soldiers, too?  
Do you ever try to encourage them,  
To keep them from feeling blue?

Why not drop them a letter,  
A penny post card will do;  
It will make them feel much better,  
If you'll add a gift or two.

After all they are many miles from home,  
Broke, homesick, and blue;  
They will appreciate it for days to come,  
So write them now, "Won't you?"

—Just one of your readers,  
Mrs. M. S. Davis, c/o Green Top Cottages

## PRAYER . . . In a June Garden

Let me take into Heaven, God,  
The vision of a path that lies  
Between warm reaches of green sod—  
A spot where golden butterflies  
Drift drowsily the whole day through,  
Where flowers listen to the breeze;  
Where every dream seems fresh and new  
Beneath the shade of friendly trees.

Let me take into Heaven's grace  
The picture of a rustic gate  
That guards the entrance to a place  
Where there is neither fear nor hate.  
When shadows gather and Your voice  
Has whispered that the race is won,  
God, let me keep this memory—  
My garden gleaming in the sun!

### "MADAME LA ZONGA"

Six lessons from Captain La Zonga  
Your plane goes haywire and it flies a-la-  
Conga;

Six lessons, and you'll be astounded,  
They let you fly solo—so low you'll be  
grounded;

You dip, zoom and dive for that old Figure  
Eight,  
The captain should really instruct you to  
skate.

Six lessons from Captain La Zonga  
And you'll discover it's easy for you,  
For your flying suit is a cute parachute,  
The captain's lessons are what NOT to do!

### MIRACLE

It snowed again today! The gentle flakes  
Swept in swift eddies to the ground below.  
A happy bird exploded into song,  
And spread his liquid lyric on a world  
That listened, breathless, at its loveliness.  
The soft wind, wafting the smell of pungent earth  
Awakens leaf and bud. The sky,  
A matchless blue, bends softly over all,  
Offering one lone white cloud to dry  
The tears of sullen April. Just the same,  
It snowed again today!  
But only underneath the apple trees.

by Carol Aiken '41

## DOG HOUSE DITTIES by Uncle Walter



Said Private Peck to Sergeant Grey:

"You give us orders. We obey.

But here's one time when I'll tell you  
Of something you have got to do!

"Your pipe is stinko, so we hope

You'll junk that stuff that smells like rope

And switch to this Sir Walter blend.

I have some here I'll gladly lend.

"You'll like its rich and fragrant smell.

And we—your slaves—will think you're swell.

Them's orders, Sarge, so don't get sore!

We know you'll like Sir Walter more."

### LET NO SHIP FALL

By Mary Barron Brubaker

I ASK of thee, O kindly night,  
Now day is folded down,  
Guard all the little ships in flight  
Above this sleeping town.

THE cloud-blown sky is bleak and cold  
As through the dark they fare,  
The lonely, gallant ships that hold  
Brave-hearted, everywhere.

LIGHT thou, I ask, a friendly star  
For wings so frail and small,  
And while the dawn is still afar  
Oh, night, let no ship fall.

## Eternal Life

There is no death.  
The day that seems to die,  
Rises anew;  
The rain, lost in the soil,  
Returns as dew.  
Each tiny seed  
Dropped from the ripened pod,  
Is an unwritten creed,  
The voice of God.  
And I shall greet  
The Resurrection morn,  
A life complete;  
A soul new-born.

Margaret Wheeler Ross

### Between the Lines

Between the lines I read  
The words that are not there,  
Telling me about the things  
Your pen would never dare.

You cannot hide your feelings  
From this prying eye of mine;  
Those ghostly words can tell me more  
Than any written line.

I learn of love of duty,  
Of courage—standards high,  
And heat and stench and hard routine  
The written words deny.

Your high-falutin' phrases  
Across the page may ride,  
But I can read the lines between—  
Those things that you would hide,

### A K. P. Dreams of Revenge

I've always been a gentle soul  
And timid too I guess  
But now I live for just one thing—  
The Sergeant of the mess.

It's not that I dislike his looks  
Or the food that he turns out  
But a hidden urge inside me makes  
Me want to turn about.

I'd like to say, "You go to hell."  
Perhaps I will some day  
When he is still a Sergeant  
And I draw a Major's pay.

I'll take away those little stripes  
He loves to wear so well  
And make him kneel and pray for his  
Deliverance in hell.

I'll make him mop each little nook  
Until it's shining bright  
I'll make him use more elbow grease  
Where dirt is sticking tight.

I'll make him sand soap every cup  
Each knife and fork and spoon  
While I sit in an easy chair  
And whistle out a tune.

For eighteen damn long hours a day  
At least six days a week  
I'll work the guy until he drops  
Or dies from lack of sleep.

And when his three year hitch is up  
I'll make him re-enlist  
To give him three more years of hell  
Upon the K. P. list.

For thirty years I'll do this thing  
And then perhaps he'll wish  
He'd never said an unkind word  
To Private William Tish.

### THE FIRST CHURCH LETTER

The apostles and elders and brethren send  
greeting unto the brethren which are of the  
Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia:  
Forasmuch as we have heard, that certain  
which went out from us have troubled you  
with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye  
must be circumcised, and keep the law: to  
whom we gave no such commandment: It  
seemed good unto us, being assembled with  
one accord, to send chosen men unto you  
with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men  
that have hazarded their lives for the name  
of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have sent  
therefore Judas and Silas, who shall also tell  
you the same things by mouth. For it seemed  
good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay  
upon you no greater burden than these neces-  
sary things; that ye abstain from meats of-  
fered to idols, and from blood, and from  
things strangled, and from fornication: from  
which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well.  
Fare ye well.

### To My Boy In Khaki

To have you leave was hard,  
The hardest thing of all,  
But you are no slacker  
When you hear OUR country's call.

Some day in the near future this  
Great conflict will end,  
And the soldier's girl who loves you,  
Will be waiting with a kiss.

When the boys go marching by,  
In step with some national hymn,  
It thrills my heart to know,  
That you are one of them.

—Elsie Bowen, Bath, N. C.

### Reveille

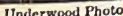
Precise, ice-clear and lovely as the morning  
star,  
The silver bugle notes electrify the dawn;  
Exact, unerring as an arrow in its flight,  
They catch me here between shoelace and  
yawn.

No lark, however lyrical in spring,  
Could sing such joyous song with all his  
bliss,  
But on the other hand, most springtime  
larks  
Have better sense than this.

The eastern sky will soon be flushed with  
light,  
The bugle shimmers in the chilly air;  
Ah, who would sleep though such a morn-  
ing carol;  
You said it, who would dare!

—PFC Frederick Ebright,  
Army Barracks, Key West, Florida





Harvest is more than garnered, golden grain,  
Harvest is more than orchards blessed with peace—  
Harvest is that fine moment of release  
When fires are lit and old friends meet again!

Harvest is made of laughter light as foam  
That murmurs through the twilight, faintly sweet—  
Harvest comes with the sound of eager feet  
That cross the well-worn threshold of some home!

I sat beside a wayside door,  
The morning sun shone on the floor.  
The village, riddled, ruined, stood  
Below the green ancestral wood.  
The enemy's vindictive horde  
Had swept the land with fire and sword.  
Now men were gone, and men were dead.  
"Yet walls must rise," the women said.  
"Fields must be planted, children fed."  
So silently along the road  
With tools and carry-poles they strode.  
Involuntarily I stood  
And bared my head to womanhood.

*Edith G. Traver*

Thank God for Faith that dropped each sleeping seed  
Within the bosom of a Mother's care  
Where gentle rain and sun were waiting there  
And nourishment to meet a seedling's need!  
Thank God for hands that ousted every weed  
And gave each plant a place in ambient air!  
Thank God for growth that lifted to prepare  
A bounty that would direst needs exceed!

No mortal mind can understand how grows  
Our staff of life from out the sweating sod;  
There nothing was except in calm repose  
A tiny Something in a common clod.  
But Faith saw food dispelling Famine's woes,  
A trust embedded in a living God.

*Ruby Dell Baugher*



Not as the father of his country, leading  
A ragged army into victory,  
Not as a politician—urging, pleading,  
That hearts and homes and nations should be free—  
I like to picture him in satins gleaming,  
With candleglow upon his powdered hair,  
When music set his weary soul to dreaming,  
When he was free of strife and doubt and care.

Not as a hero . . . As a man I find him,  
A gallant man who smiled with eyes and lips,  
Who could leave thoughts of sombre things behind him,  
The while he bent to dainty fingertips.  
Not as a president who always led,  
But as a gentleman whose blood ran red!

What color is rain?  
Silver and shining  
Like the glitter of sun  
On drawn swords?  
Or sodden gray  
Like the eaves of old houses  
Where brightness  
Never penetrates  
Through dark trees?  
What color is rain?

My imaginings take me  
Wherever I want,  
Whenever I want,  
And the men I see  
Or the voices I hear  
On these excursions  
Live on a plane  
Five miles (mentally speaking)  
Above the stratosphere of experience  
So that when I come back  
To the ground of rationality  
I sometimes crash.

The boys were all in the barracks  
The night ahead was long  
One picked up an old guitar  
And they drifted into song.

Each one had a sweetheart  
And each had thoughts his own  
He may have been in the barracks  
But his thoughts were all of home.

One was a good old sergeant  
One was a corporal too  
And also a couple of privates  
With voices loud and true.

*They drifted into "New York Town"  
And the "Dark Town Strutters Ball"  
They sang good old "Moonlight Bay"  
And they whistled the bugle calls.*

Now I make a lot of wishes  
 Ones for the draft board memoir  
 To really try and draft us  
 A "Good old fashioned tenor."  
 Pvt. Emil Unger, Co. "D", 119th Q. M.  
 Regt., Fort Dix, N. J.

THE DAY IT IS SIZZLING  
THE BREEZE IT IS HOT—  
THOUGH SOME GUYS ARE SWEATIN'  
OUR HERO IS NOT!  
IN TONS OF LUX LATHER  
AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER  
SMART JOHNNY IS HANDING  
THE LAUGH TO THE WEATHER

The Greenwood Commonwealth very aptly says:

Few Americans know more than a few lines of The Star-Spangled Banner by heart with any certainty. Others know the first stanza and no more. The most important one is usually set down as the fourth and last. But the whole song is seldom sung, and seldom needs to be. The first and fourth alone make a complete glorious national anthem. Here's the important one. Cut it out: Oh thus be it ever when free men shall stand

Between their loved homes and the  
war's desolation;  
Blest with victory and peace may the  
heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and  
preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must when our cause  
it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our  
trust."  
And the Star-Spangled Banner in tri-  
umph shall wave  
Over the land of the free, and the home  
of the brave!

It might be useful, too, to learn once and for all the whole of "My Country 'Tis of Thee." There are one or two really beautiful stanzas, which means more to a people whose liberty is at stake than to those who are taking liberty for granted in a soft and easy time. And "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," has a good old rousing lilt to its words as well as its tune.

"I saw your garden passing fine,  
With pleasant flowers lately decked,  
With cowslips and with eglantine,  
When woeful woodbine lies reject;  
Yet these in weeds and briars do meet,  
Although they seem to smell so sweet.  
"Farewell!

"Farewell, thou sweet and pleasant walk,  
The witness of my faith and woe,  
That oft hath heard our friendly talk  
And gave me leave my grief to show;  
O pleasant path, where I could see  
No crosse at all, but only thee."

My mind glances back, now and then, to the  
place  
Where a soft April evening swept over the  
Bay;  
And you in brass buttons and new-buckled  
grace,  
Pointed out a white prow anchored out in  
the quay.  
I remember the last golden moments we  
spent  
Far into the daven of a sad, new-born  
day,  
Recalling quite clearly each small incident  
As though it were yesterday you went  
away.

Our eyes, in the dim waxen glow, whi-  
pered long  
Of the parting our hearts strangely would  
have denied;  
They mutely revealed, through the hush  
of a song,  
Their story of Duty and Courage and  
Pride;  
Wistfully pledging themselves to that day  
A gallant white transport steams back up  
the Bay.

—Ruth Colton Emery

By  
Christie Lund

*I WOULD indeed give thanks,  
I am so rich today;  
Rich in the things that count the most—  
Love and a child at play;*

**H**OME and those who are near and dear  
Health and strength of limb;  
Courage and comradeship and peace,  
A faith in Him.

*WHO gives all blessings, understands  
The things that I would say  
In humbleness and gratitude  
Of thanks today.*



—Walt Munson

## "HUT SUT SONG"

Hot Soup Song, it's a belly wash,  
Made of onions, rain and noodles;  
Hot Soup Song, it's a belly wash,  
Chopped up meats and beets and strudels;  
Hot Soup Song, it's a belly wash,  
Muddy as the Swanee River;  
Hot Soup Song, it's a belly wash,  
Eat a plate and shake and shiver;  
The mess man swings his ladle high and  
never spills a drop,  
He fills your cup as you pass by, you cannot  
make him stop;  
Hot Soup Song, it's a belly wash, what a  
messy mess of porridge,  
Hot Soup Song, it's a belly wash, and oh  
how I hate soup!

**MOTHER BIRD—\$5 PRIZE**

In a nest in a log  
Are brown eggs three;  
But where in the world  
Can the mother bird be?

I'll watch for her  
Till the day is done.  
And I hope she escapes  
The hunter's gun.

Cover the eggs from  
The chill of the night.  
Keep them warm and  
They'll be all right.

Then some day soon  
You'll be happy indeed.  
You'll have three little birdies  
To watch and to feed.

—BETTY JEAN TRUITT, Troup, Texas

TOO FREE LIBRARIES

Oh, why doesn't Nock,  
Lay his head on the block;  
For who can tell,  
If a heavy axe fell  
Cutting a gash—  
Thru which blood could dash  
With a squirt and a splash—  
Down on the floor;  
It might serve as a door  
For wisdom and lore  
He knew not before  
To enter his brain.

Then sunshine or rain,  
Perhaps he'd be kind  
And not so much mind  
The pleasure I've got  
From many a lot  
Of Liberry books  
About murders and crooks!  
Oh, why doesn't Nock  
Lay his head on the block.

*It pours on down with a splash and a  
whack,  
Like a cold steel in your shivering back.*

*Your eyes pop out and your face gets blue,  
You never tho' this could happen to you.  
You gasp for breath and try to be brave,  
Remember the flag . . . long may it wave!*

*By the time you're completely Simonized,  
You cannot move 'cause you're paralyzed!  
But you must stand this painful exertion,  
Or M.P.'s will get you for Army desertion.*

Ah, yes . . . Ah, . . . me, the thrill of a  
shower,  
That leaves you as stiff as Aloha Tower!  
So Draftee, dear, tho' it drives you wild,  
Remember . . . Army life ain't supposed  
to be mild.



O come, Theseus of the bitter land!  
The taloned hand has fallen  
shredding the unguarded lilt  
of voice, shutting the lungs  
of the forum hall, shredding  
and shutting the winged phrase;  
and now the private fields of mind  
are found and ploughed of thought,  
seed of clenched-fist philosophy  
springing in the young soil;  
and now the fields are closed,  
the spring shoots controlled, full  
harvest handled by an alien hand;  
and now the mind is self no longer.  
O come, Theseus of the bitter land!  
Come, scholar, fighter, remembrance  
green with other sweeter lands,  
shouting crowds at the rally  
and crowds shouting personally;  
come now in this land raked and roped  
with close doctrine, enter clutching  
the thread of your remembrance, deliver  
these youths your heart and your seed,  
until the seed bursts of hope  
with the new song across fields  
again won for the casual cry, the cry  
soaring on restless wings into the sun.

### God Bless America

*I'm glad I'm not in Europe  
Which is ruled by power mad fiends,  
I'm proud to be an American  
Because I know just what it means.*

*In Europe where bombs are being dropped  
On city, village, and farm,  
And people hurry to seek cover  
At the sound of an air raid alarm.*

*While we here in America  
Never hear an air raid alarm,  
And go about our daily work  
Without fear, and harm.*

*We have a Navy strong enough  
To protect our beautiful shores,  
And I'm hoping for our country's sake  
We'll keep out of those Foreign Wars.*

Because I have been given much,  
I, too, must give:  
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,  
Each day I live  
I shall divide my gifts from Thee  
With every brother that I see  
Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,  
By Thy good care.  
I cannot see another's lack  
And I not share  
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,  
My roof's safe shelter overhead,  
That he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so  
Upon me, Lord,  
A wealth I know that was not meant  
For me to hoard,  
I shall give love to those in need,  
Shall show that love by word and deed,  
Thus shall my thanks be thanks indeed.  
—GRACE NOLL CROWELL, *Light of the Years*, published by Harper and Brothers. Used by permission.

### I CANNOT WRITE

I cannot write of beauty.  
Though spring has set its mark upon the earth.  
I cannot write of laughter,  
Though all the April winds are filled with mirth.  
I cannot write of beauty,  
Though beauty has been since the world began.  
I cannot write,—because  
There is so little beauty left in man.

Beauty comes with springtime,  
But there are men who think of waging war.  
Laughter comes with April,  
But Aprils have been battlefields before.  
Beauty is a spirit  
Made up of more than springs, or moons, or suns.  
I cannot write of beauty  
While there are men who talk of making guns.

### THE SIGNAL

By Grace Noll Crowell

Outside my window a tall pine  
Has caught a star and held it there.  
High at its tip the silver shine  
Has spangled all the darkened air.  
I think of Christ and how He came  
Heralded by a pure white flame.

I think of that one molten star  
That signaled men across the night—  
And though the way be long and far  
It's His sign still, and still His light.  
I hold my breath to see it cling  
To my tall tree—a high lamp lit . . .  
I catch His heavenly signaling  
And down Life's path I follow it.

*What is this thing I've brought?  
That makes me so adore  
Things I never sought  
Now ask for you some more.*

*Through the dark night I see  
Your enchanting grace and smile  
Plain as my hand before me  
Wishing you would stay a while.*

*Now that you are far away  
Each day brings me remorse  
Soon I will see the day  
When you are within my source.*

*My days of misery will be gone  
When I will be in your arms  
After darkness, comes the dawn  
Then with you—no more alarms.*  
—Pfc. Santis Cardamone, F.A. Det.  
West Point, N. Y.

### GRASS—\$5 PRICE

Grass, grass, green grass  
All along the road,  
Growing wild in meadows wide,  
As clear as emerald gold.

The first newcomer in the spring,  
The last to leave in fall,  
When every elm and oak tree,  
Is stripped of its leafy shawl.

It grows among the goldenrod,  
The poppies and the thistles,  
The children stamp upon its blades  
And use them for their whistles.

Beautiful, God-given grass,  
How barren this world would be  
Without your magic carpet of green,  
For all mankind to see.

—LEE GERALD O'CONNELL  
Dearborn, Mich.

### Dedicated To My Son

*Just twenty-four years ago, my son  
I sent your daddy from me.  
To fight for a cause, which all men said—  
Would make us free for Democracy.*

*You were only a baby—a bundle of love,  
I remember you pulled his hair.  
Then he kissed us goodbye, and boarded  
the train,  
To leave us waiting there.*

*Tho I wanted to cry, I hugged you close  
And smiled as I waved your hand.  
Yes,—we waited son, but he never returned,  
For he died in "No Man's Land."*

*Now, they have taken you away, my son,  
And when you said goodbye to me,  
I heard the same cry as long ago,  
"To Make Us Free For Democracy."*

*But go my son, and do your best,  
For I know you'll return to me.  
To take your place in a peaceful world  
As a man among men of the free.*  
—Mary Rose Roach

### Song from the Subways

When the trains fly parallel, they stand  
still and the pillars walk in a black  
blur.

I saw you in a black blur, Blue-eyes,  
and you smiled and said the word in  
a black blur

And of course the pillars strode too  
swift and thick, and the wheels and  
ties spoke raucous;

But it might have been "hello," white-  
teethed and friendly, "hello" with a  
smile and a toss of brown hair to two  
more eyes in a black blur . . .

"Hello" to two more eyes you'd never,  
never see again in stars . . . at a win-  
dow . . . or under a dripping brim in  
the silver blizzards of spring—

You'd never find out and say, "Re-  
member 'hello,' white-teethed and  
friendly? 'Hello' with a smile and a  
toss of brown hair, and the trains fly-  
ing parallel and standing still—and  
the pillars walking in a black blur?"  
Eugene Rattner

*He kissed her pretty little lips,  
He kissed her 'neath her hat;  
He kissed her hands, her arms,  
He kissed her where she sat.*

### A Soldier Girl's Soldier

Company "G," 102nd Medical Regiment,  
APO 27, United States Army.  
Editor, OUR ARMY:—  
In the December issue of OUR ARMY  
Abbie Grace Lynch wrote a poem, "Soldier  
Boy's Girl," in which Abbie pleaded to her  
Soldiers to be true to the girls they leave  
behind.

So our First Sergeant, George J. Nardone,  
has written a reply to Abbie. Please print  
it in OUR ARMY, the soldiers' own publica-  
tion.

Very sincerely,  
The Soldiers of Company "G."  
First Sergeant Nardone's poem:—

### My Kid Brother's Pockets

His pockets always bulge  
With things from A to Z,  
A pocket knife, a chain of locks  
A large, old wooden key.  
Two rolls of twine,  
A ball and jacks,  
Some dirty paper  
And rusty tacks.  
Two broken pencils,  
Some colored string,  
A box of nails,  
An iron ring.  
To most of us  
This junk is old  
But to Johnny this stuff's  
Worth more than gold.  
Dorothy Parker

### A Soldier's Girl Friend

*Here I am in calm repose,  
I can't think of suitable prose.  
I see your face in every rose,  
My heart and I suppose  
That we are all alone again.*

*So I set me down in my camp chair,  
Roll up my sleeves and tear my hair  
Grab my pen and ink it well,  
And write, write you a poem, and write  
like h . . . !*

—Pfc. George White, Jr.,  
Co. "D," 119th Med. Regt.,  
Fort Dix, N. J.

### Long Distance

By ALAN McDONALD

THANK YOU, operator. Hello! Hello!  
—Myrtle?"  
"Yes, this is Myrtle. Who's calling?"  
"This is Harry, Myrtle. It's Harry!"  
"Wait a minute till I turn the radio down.  
I can't hear a thing."  
(Long pause).  
"Now—who'd you say it was?"  
"It's Harry, Myrtle. Harry! Can you  
hear me now?"  
"Why, Harry! My goodness, where are  
you?"  
"At camp."  
"At camp! Harry Mason, you hang up  
right this minute. This must be costing  
you a fortune. What ever made you do  
such a thing!"  
"Now Myrtle, let's not argue all the time  
away. We only have three minutes. I just  
wanted to ask you . . ."  
"Harry, I won't talk another second un-  
less you tell me how much you're paying  
for this call."  
"All right, all right. Not very much at  
this time of night. The night rates are on,  
you see."  
"I know. But how much?"  
"Okay, you win. Three dollars."  
"Three dollars. Now I know better than  
that, for Florence called Minneapolis the  
other night and her bill was more than  
five."  
"I didn't mean three dollars for the whole  
time. I meant three dollars a minute."  
"That's more like it. I knew it couldn't  
be three. That makes nine dollars! Now,  
Harry, please promise me you'll stop the  
very moment she says our time is up. Will  
you?"  
"Yes, yes. I promise. But, as I was say-  
ing, I wanted to ask you . . . What? Why  
—why—Okay, operator! Goodbye, Myrtle  
goodbye . . ."

There are times when I think of a maiden's  
smile,  
The promise of heaven is there.  
Heaven as seen in a maiden's eye,  
And found on her lips so fair.  
The heaven that I have cut away  
From my heartstrings—left behind,  
At times I wish I could have stayed,  
And tears do start to blind.  
But life's ahead, adventure calls  
O'er land, and o'er sea,  
If I should ever wounded fall,  
Your mem'ry's here—with me.

Should I my way to heaven find,  
To dream there in the blue,  
I pray that God's Immortal mind,  
Will place me—next to you.

### My Dream Soldier

*As I gaze at the moon and the stars above,  
I dream of the Soldier whom I will always  
love.  
He is one that is an American through and  
through,  
And he is proud of the Red, White, and  
Blue.*

*His uniform is always neatly pressed from  
head to toe,  
And how he keeps his shoes so shined—  
I'd like to know.  
His buttons and medals are so shiny and  
bright;  
And to me he is the best looking soldier  
in sight.*

*When the bugler sounds the alarms,  
He is always ready to learn the use of arms.  
On the parade ground he takes his place,  
And his walk is fast and he goes a gal-  
lant pace.*

*He takes commands with a smile for one  
and all,  
And at attention he stands straight and  
tall.  
He gives his salute with his shoulders  
square,  
And obeys all orders right then and there.*

*His life as a soldier is from sun up to sun  
down,  
He likes to talk about his folks and friends  
at home.  
Cigarettes to him mean enjoyment and  
pleasure;  
He is a friend to all and two-face never.  
With all my heart, I love my soldier  
sweetheart;  
And pray that when He comes we'll never  
have to part.  
As yet he is just a dream—a vision in  
the sky of blue,  
But someday he'll come, I know—Perhaps  
he is you.*

—Maxine Widner, Route No. 1,  
Spokane, Washington.

### Case History

SISTER was so popular,  
Sister went to dances;  
Fifty-seven types of lads  
Varied her romances.  
Sister movied, motored, swam;  
Sister dined and skated.  
No one got to use the phone,  
Sister was so dated.

Sister gets no orchids now,  
No one bothers phoning;  
Sister works, and reads, and sews  
Sister is atoning . . .  
Sister got herself engaged—  
Wears a ring that's honey;  
Sister sits at home. The boy  
Friend is saving money.

### COUNTRY

When I grow weary of the crash  
Of sounds that clamor from the throng,  
I steal away to find a brook  
And lean above its liquid song.

When I grow tired of the scowls  
Of faces marked with city guile,  
I turn to where the lilac leaves  
Reflect the dawning with a smile.

When I grow faint from fetid airs,  
That rise where crowds forever pass,  
I stumble out to meet the fields  
And revel in the fragrant grass.  
Edgar Daniel Kramer

## Was I the One?

Was I the child  
Who in the stillness of  
The night  
Wept when I thought  
How men had killed  
The Christ?

Am I that one  
Who, daily with the mob  
I once condemned,  
Now crucifies again  
The Christ I loved?

Grace Braltee

## Travail

Till now, O God,  
I could not understand  
Gethsemane.  
Life's cup of woe  
And crown of thorns,  
Had passed so far  
From me,  
I could but sense  
Deep mystery.  
Till now I could not feel  
The pain of Calvary.  
Thy broken body,  
Bruised hands,  
And blood for others spent,  
Were hidden in the  
Shadows of the Garden,  
Where you went.  
Till now the night of tears,  
Seemed but Thy destiny.  
If I were one of those  
Who slept whilst Thou  
Didst pray,  
Forgive, dear God;  
I had not glimpsed  
Life's sacrificial way.

### So Long—To A Buddy

*His eyes were firm  
but straight ahead  
he clasped my hand  
and wished me luck*

*he seemed to see  
another day  
in years' gone by  
when he had left*

*the battle's din  
lay in his ear  
he seemed to smell  
the acrid smoke*

*his eyes grew dimmed  
with wayward tears  
"well off you go—  
and son—take care—"*

*I'd almost like  
to go myself—  
I'd rather like  
to see this show"*

*I bit my lip  
and placed my hand  
upon his arm—  
"so long"—I said*

*"so long old bud  
I'll see you soon—  
and thanks a lot—  
for everything"*

*I stammered out  
that short goodbye—  
turned on my heel—  
and left him there*

### Equal —?

He stood there at the door,  
Said he was selling pencils  
His coat was tattered,  
And he said he was ill,  
And his pencils.



THE BREATH OF PINE  
I never breathe the breath of pine,  
No matter where my steps may  
roam,  
But deep within this heart of mine  
I feel a sense of home sweet  
home.

The perfumed breezes of hte sea,  
The cooling winds across the  
sand,  
Eternally awake in me  
A vision of my native land.

Among the motley multitude  
On alien shores, or alien tongue,  
Whatever wonders I have viewed  
And stood in ecstasy among,

Amid the thrill of London town,  
When queenly Paris held my  
heart,  
Beside the Rhine and up and down  
The Danube with its storied art.

Along the lanes of Palestine,  
Among the islands of the main,  
I never sense the breath of pine  
But I am back at home again.

—David E. Guyton.

## Patriots All

Bill Brady was a Catholic,  
His buddy Cohen a Jew,  
But they hiked and fought to-  
gether

'Neath the old red, white, and  
blue.

Jim Harris was a Mason,  
From below the Dixie line,  
His bunkie was a K. of C.,  
And they got along fine.

Slim was there a soldierin',  
From somewhere up in Maine,  
But sometimes Slim got full of  
vin,

And then, well, he raised Cain.  
Shorty was a Spiritualist,  
From Buffalo, New York,  
And Cronin was an Orangeman,  
Straight from the County Cork.

Fat believed in Christian Science,  
But he was some swell cook,  
And Spud was raised a minister's  
son,

He surely knew his Book.  
And strange as it may seem to  
you,

Whether at the front or rear,  
They never scrapped o'er creeds  
and things,

Like people do back here.

Whenever one of us took sick,  
Or met a G. I. can,  
No one would say, "What is his  
creed?"

But, "Can I help a man?"  
The boys while in the service,  
Just forgot that stuff,  
And gems of Christian charity,  
Were found in guys called  
tough.

And now the gang's all broken up,  
Some sleep beneath the sod,  
But I'll gamble every one of  
them,

Will look like men to God.  
I would that I might live to see  
The dawning of a day,

When intolerance is forgotten  
In the good old U. S. A.

Submitted for Publication,  
Post No. 2, The American Legion.

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky;  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WE PROMISE here  
every man his chance.  
We promise a land  
where a man can think and speak.  
We promise a land  
where men can meet and act.  
We promise a new frontier  
a new spaciousness

## IN SAD MEMORY OF J. L. TANKSLEY.

On April 26, 1940, two years  
ago today, I sadly followed my  
father to his grave.

I saw him put away,  
In his cold bed of clay.  
It seemed more than I could bear  
To turn away, and leave him  
there.

Oh! so sad to go back home,  
And see his vacant chair,  
And never again see him there.  
Sleep Daddy, beneath the sunny  
sky

Until resurrection day.  
Then we will meet to never say  
good bye.

Your smiling face we can't forget  
Your voice we heard, we love it  
yet.

Another link is broken in our be-  
loved band,  
A golden chain is forming in a  
better land.

Why our home was broken we  
will never understand.  
Weep not dear old Mother for  
God knew best,

For we will meet him in that  
land of rest.

Written by his daughter who  
dearly loved him. MAGGIE.

## To the Girl I Left Behind

I used to call her any or everything  
Never really knew her name,  
She was to me another girl  
Whom I could always blame.

The day the Army took my name  
And placed it with some others  
I thought I had no one to lose  
As did so many others.

The days dragged by, it made me think  
I had of course intended,  
I thought of Johnny, Dan and Gink  
And of the girl I rendered.

She wasn't tall, she wasn't fat  
Of pearl she did remind me,  
Her hair was brown beneath her hat  
Her white teeth they did lure me.

The eyes were just a poet's dream  
Her lips were small and red,  
The nose it was just right it seems  
It really fit her head.

Although her neck was not too long  
Her body nice and slender,  
Her shapely legs and feet and toes  
Are now to make me wonder.

When my year is up in the Army  
I'll be quite bold and free,  
To ask this girl I left behind  
If she would wed, with me.

I watched a squirrel  
In the frosting woods  
Gathering acorns in his play.  
So eagerly the shy mite lugged  
Each precious nut away,  
To store 'gainst winter's savage taunt  
Flung in the faces of furry things  
That frighten at cold and hunger gaunt

I saw a man  
In the city's streets  
Cast pearls before swine today.  
The purse he needed for children's bread  
Cruelly toss away,  
To drown his conscious self in drink—  
His spark of manhood fled!

Fare a fairer fate  
Must chattering squirrel—  
Wee martyr thought to ice-king's toll—  
Than he who, besmearing shamelessly  
God's image breathed into his soul,  
Shall bestial hour of blankness  
Find in the flowing bowl!

—PAUL CLENDENING in The Christian Advocate

## A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE FROM SON TO FATHER

Knowing that many of our readers  
enjoy things beautiful and sentimental,  
we take the liberty of quoting the fol-  
lowing by W. A. Philpot, Jr., Secretary  
of the Texas Banker's Association, up-  
on the death of his father:

"My father's sojourn reached from  
tallow-dipped candles to fluorescent  
lighting, from ox carts to trans-oceanic  
clippers, from daguerrotypes to tele-  
vision. His 86 years were filled with  
temperate things, temperate thoughts,  
temperate actions. In his youth he  
stored knowledge for support in old  
age. In the decline of life, honor and  
decency overflowed in sufficient flood  
to sustain him. Of fame and prestige  
and power he needed none. A quick  
work picture: tranquil and serene in  
mien; meditative, scholarly, philosoph-  
ic in mentality, honest, sober, trust-  
worthy, profoundly righteous in char-  
acter.

"Life seems to balance all, as be-  
tween individuals, even fathers and  
sons. As a young physician he helped  
administer at the ceremonies, marking  
my entrance into the world; as a duti-  
ful and loving son I took part in the  
ceremonies which ushered him out. He  
welcomed me at my birth; I said "bon  
voyage" at his departure. He pointed  
the way as mentor in my first, unsteady  
baby toddling; I directed and support-  
ed him in his last tottery, feeble steps.  
He humored, cajoled, petted, spoiled  
me in my babyhood; I tried to be indul-  
gent, tender, patient, devoted in his  
senility. He saw the spark of my in-  
tellect and understanding glow and  
burn into normal adulthood; I saw his  
massive brain flicker and finally go  
out. He saw the building-up process  
of my life! I saw the tearing down of  
his. He ushered me in; I accompanied  
him out. Proudly he heard my first  
wail; sadly I heard the rattle of his re-  
stricted breath. He looked upon me  
when I was black and blue and mis-  
shapen from being born; I saw his frail  
body, despoiled by 86 years, ready for  
the tomb. He was anxious at my com-  
ing; I was distressed at his going. He  
carried me in his strong arms when the  
road was too long and the going too  
hard; I supported his enfeebled frame  
on his last furlong. So, life, as far as  
father and I are concerned, are pretty  
well levelled up, balanced off."

## Saturday Nights

Balm from the glass with the green  
stars  
and the peeling ceiling rolls and reels.

Smoke of the ash in the elephant-tray;  
stray embers inundate the eye.

I know a blond boy fighting hell in  
Spain  
(we argued politics one night in  
dreams)

who'd give his right arm for a cigarette.  
I know a Chinaman I'll never know.  
He certainly could go for a good stiff  
shot

before he picked the fragments from  
the crib.

Balm from the glass with the green  
stars,  
smoke of the ash in the elephant-tray.  
Through fumes and veils and the fall-  
ing walls  
Stray embers inundate the eye.

## EASTER

Not vain the promise of white  
Eastertide,

And not in vain the green  
ascending grass.

Grim was the spear that pierced His  
tortured side,

Sad His dark hour, alas!

But O that moment when He rolled  
away

The stone that bound Him in the  
prisoning tomb;

And on that same triumphant Easter  
day,

Rose many a trembling bloom:

Lilies that loosed the iron gates of  
Death,

Tulips that told once more that Life  
is good;

After His silence the awakening  
breath,

The abandoned Cross of wood;

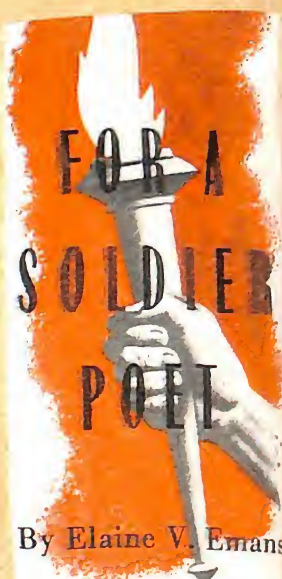
A light upon the earth that had not  
shone

Without this miracle of Easter  
day. . .

O heart, rejoice! O soul, look back  
upon

The stone He rolled away.

—Charles Hanson Towne



KNOWING him twenty  
Summers dead,  
Do we remember  
The way he said,

"IF YE break faith,  
We shall not sleep,  
Though poppies blow?"  
God, do we keep

THE faith, and hold  
The torches high  
They flung to us?  
Or does each lie

IN Flanders Field  
And turn and toss,  
Finding no rest  
Beneath his cross?

## Christian Faith

The Christian Faith still holds within its power  
The mighty moving forces of the world,  
It is like a light that burns in some high tower;  
It is like a bright flag suddenly unfurled;  
It is like a clean wind blowing out of heaven;  
It is like all wonder-things that have sufficed  
To lift the hearts of men—it is the leaven  
That draws us heavenward, for it is CHRIST.

A perfect pattern for the coming ages,  
And for the past—the Man of Galilee,  
And none of all the prophets and the sages  
Who have trod the earth through any century  
Have raised the standard set by Christ those days  
He walked with men along the common ways.

## The Simple Shepherd

(A Southern Poem to Memorize)

From Maryland comes this month's  
Southern poem to memorize (as selected  
by Mrs. Henry S. Johnson) — a truly  
exquisite verse reminding us that who-  
ever lives close to Nature and in sympa-  
thetic touch with the calls of our dumb  
friends will often find his heart answer-  
ing some summons far more appealing  
and satisfying than anything a more  
glittering "success" could ever offer:

I am a shepherd of the plain—the weak-  
ling ewes are prone to me;  
Down through the meadows gray with  
rain I follow where their cry may be.  
My brethren mock me year by year, who  
with the seasons come and go  
By ship or sandal, script or spear, with  
caravan or moving show,  
And bid me seek the market place, the  
tumult of the outbound sea,  
The promise of the mountain's face, the  
distance of the desert free.

But, mid the silent dusks and dews, the  
gentle pastures of the plain,  
I bide the calling of the ewes, to which  
none other's ear is fain.

Under and over forever  
under and over  
twists the taut lover.

Closer than love was  
in sea in the skull hollow  
in ribs the sea rhythm  
closer than bone's marrow

Under and over  
twists the bright bone:  
the skeleton  
arched to the sea.

## FORMAL PRAYER

I often say my prayers,  
But do I ever pray;  
And do the wishes of my heart  
Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down  
And worship gods of stone,  
As offer to the living God  
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart  
The Lord will never hear:  
Nor will he to these lips attend  
Whose prayers are not sincere.



## MISSISSIPPI

For thy grand and varied hills  
For thy clear and rippling rills  
For thy wide and fertile vales,  
For thy coves, and glens, and  
dales—  
I love thee, Mississippi.

With thy mists, and clouds, and  
storms,  
With thy winds, and rains, and  
calms,  
With thy snow, and hail, and  
sleet,  
With thy sunshine and thy heat  
I love thee, Mississippi.

Where thy forests stand serene,  
Where thy prairies roll between,  
Where thy rich plantations lie,  
Where thy sedge fields never  
die—  
I love thee, Mississippi.

Brave thy men, thy women fair,  
Boys and girls beyond compare,  
Proud thy record, years gone by,  
Bright thy prospects, drawing  
nigh—  
I love thee, Mississippi.

Place where first I saw the  
light,  
Place where boyhood made its  
fight,  
Place where love and hope grew  
strong,  
Place where home and friends  
belong—  
I love thee, Mississippi.

Here, my heart, thy vigils keep;  
Here, my dead, in quiet sleep;  
Here, my life, ebb thou away;  
Here, my bones, turn back to  
clay—  
I love thee, Mississippi.

## THE BOOKWORM MENACE

I have innumerable books  
Arranged to catch the eyes of crooks,  
But do they ever borrow those?  
A thousand irritated NO'S!

Straight as the homing pigeon flies  
They light upon the ones I prize,  
No matter how I stretch myself  
To hide them on the highest shelf.

## To My Bud In The AAF

Nebraska seems a different place  
Since you have gone there for a  
while;

I had not deemed it much but  
space  
And boundless prairie, mile on  
mile.  
A trackless waste of wind and  
weather,  
A peg to hold the world together.

But rainbows span Nebraska's sky,  
And busy cities grace her plan,  
While round about them wheat  
fields lie  
That feed a nation with their  
grain.

Yet if it still were only weather  
I'd wish we both were there—  
together.

Dedicated to our brother, Pvt.  
Alvin J. Prisock, who is in the  
Army Air Force, and stationed at  
Lincoln Air Base, Lincoln, Nebras-  
ka.

His sisters,  
Ludie, Edna and Clara.

## PRAYER FOR PEACE

By Minnie Case Hopkins

I TUCKED him in, then stooped beside his bed  
To hear him say his prayers. "God bless us all," he said,  
"An' please help me be good so I won't fight  
That ol' McKelvie boy no more. Amen. Good-night."

GOOD-NIGHT, my little son. Thanks for your prayer for peace.  
God help us to be good; then wars will quickly cease.

## JOY OF LIFE

A tiny hallway, dark and rather bare,  
Two arms held forth in welcome at the door,  
Red, lifted lips like roses in the sun—  
And I forget my cares, for I am home!

A gingham apron o'er a shabby gown,  
A pair of eyes like velvet pansies, brown,  
An eager voice, the household gossip giving,  
And I sit back and sigh: "Ah, this is living!"

—CLAIRE M. BRETT

## Old Road

There's an old dirt road that runs  
along  
The cowslip-bordered stream  
Where willows lean to hear the song  
And water-lilies dream.  
An old dirt road, not traveled much,  
But at its bend I see  
A friendly waving hand and know  
What pleasures wait for me.

An old dirt road that winds itself  
Around a corner, where,  
Beyond the dusty sumac trees  
Are memories to share.  
For every heart some time, some where  
Has known and longed to be  
Where an old dirt road winds in and  
out  
In the land of memory.

Grace Sayre

## THE UNDEFEATED

Not ours to know defeat  
Because the rough winds blow;  
Over the hills of sleet  
Onward we go.

Onward and upward. Thus  
We press, though winter come,  
And Song, once glorious,  
Is strangely dumb.

Cowards are they who bide  
In valleys safe and warm;  
Who fear the rising tide  
Or a fierce storm.

Courage! at last the night  
Shall surely pass away,  
And, robed in diamond light,  
Dawn the new day.

Charles Hanson Towne

## Opportunity

(A Southern Poem to Memorize)

The famous J. J. Ingalls sonnet on  
lost opportunity closes with a line like  
the closing doors of Doom: "I answer  
not and I return no more." As our Ten-  
nessee poem we print (slightly abbrevi-  
ated) Walter Malone's reply, also en-  
titled "Opportunity":

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come . . .  
Each night I burn the records of the day—  
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy  
spell;  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from  
hell,  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to  
Heaven.

## THE OLD HOME CHURCH

By Truletta Fern Young

Oh, the old home church of our childhood days,  
Within thy walls we found a Savior, learned His ways;  
'Twas here our mothers worshiped through the years,  
And still thy silence echoes a long-dead father's prayers.  
Within thy sacred shade in faith our loved ones sleep—  
Guard well their resting place; thy tender vigil keep.

Long may thy friendly spire point us to One above  
While all the countryside enshrines thee with its love.

## THE BRIDE

As slim and straight as the candles at her side  
She stands, a flower with a flower's own grace.  
Sheathed in the petaled satin of a bride,  
Wrapped in a shimmering mist of fragile lace,  
Serious and shy and very sweet  
She waits her lover's coming, eyes a-brim  
With happy dreams that are not yet complete,  
And only can be realized through him.

Here on the threshold of the years she stands,  
So soon to leave her girlhood in the past—  
God give her lover tender heart and hands  
That the white radiance in her eyes may last.  
God give her wisdom that she, too, may hold  
His love till all the fires of earth grow cold.

By Grace Noll Crowell

## PLOWING TODAY

By Alice McHugh Barrett

"We are going to plow today!"  
I can hear the leather of the harness strain  
And the click of the tug with its tip of chain  
While across my back with the lines I steer  
And grip the plow as it starts to veer.

"We are going to plow today!"  
And the crowds will follow along the track  
As the furrow flings the green to black;  
And the robins will sing, and the dog in play  
Will bark at the horses along the way.

"We are going to plow today!"  
And how my heart in rapture lifts  
When the silvery dusk to evening shifts;  
With footsteps lagging behind the team,  
With traces dragging and their backs asteam,  
In softening shadows we go up the lane,  
And I thank God who gives us spring again!

## A Change of Luck

Back home a gambler I've always been  
But my horses never did seem to come in,  
I was unlucky at Bingo or playing the  
numbers  
But some day I'd win, I dreamt in slumbers.

I'll be darned if I finally didn't connect  
For the Drafted Lottery did me select,  
But my luck at that moment didn't cease  
From then on it always seems to increase.

When one is needed to police the ground  
I always seem to be around,  
Whenever I seem to act serene  
The Sergeant picks me to clean latrine.

When fatigue work's to be done  
Your guess is right: I'm the one,  
So my luck has really changed you see  
For even right now I am doing K. P.  
—Pvt. Samuel Berman, Co. L, 60th Inf.,  
Fort Bragg.

## SPELL

Caught in the web of summer  
In an enchanted town,  
In the prodigal beauty of crepe myrtle and mimosa  
Endlessly blooming,  
Without will I lie.  
Always the blossoms at sill and path,  
Always the bright, the somnolent emerald  
Of trees weighted with fruit and leaves.  
In the blurred maze of summer I wander,  
Surrendered, lost, forgotten,  
Memory and desire effaced by a dark magic—

Save for a brief, blinding nostalgia  
For a sharp, clear dawn.

## Southern Poems: "The Winds"

Old Kentucky furnishes this month's  
Southern poem to read, reread, and  
memorize, Mrs. Henry Johnson having  
selected this truly exquisite sonnet by  
one of the most gifted poets the South  
has ever produced, the late Madison  
Cawein (1865-1914):

Those hewers of the clouds, the Winds  
that lair  
At the four compass points, are out  
tonight.  
I hear their sandals trample on the  
height;  
I hear their voices trumpet through the  
air.  
Builders of storm, God's workmen, now  
they bear  
Up the steep stair of sky on the backs  
of might,  
Huge tempest bulks while—sweat that  
blinds their sight—  
The rain is shaken from tumultuous  
hair.  
Now, sweepers of the firmament, they  
broom  
Like gathered dust, the rolling mists  
along  
Heaven's floors of sapphire—all the  
beautiful blue  
Of skyey corridor and celestial room  
Preparing with large laughter and loud  
song  
For the white moon and stars to wander  
through.

## A Soldier Girl's Soldier

It's been pretty lonesome down here, too,  
Since first I went away;  
It's kinda hard from feeling so,  
After seeing you each day.

The happy letters I've read so often,  
That arrived each time just when  
The lonely months started to soften  
Those thoughts that we are one.

Being alone, I've always dreaded,  
And the lovely approach I, too, miss;  
So, darling, each night when set to bed,  
In my arms your spirit I do kiss.

When you twist in your feather bed,  
Engulfed in eastern-howling winds;  
I know in prayer, with low bent head,  
You say: "PLEASE, GOD, look over  
him."

I've been gazing at your picture,  
During reveille, mess and taps;  
My buddies do know it's . . . Rosemarie,  
Without the slightest . . . perhaps.

In your prayers I have first place,  
In mine you, too, are divine;  
So together we ask the grace  
That shall make you ever mine.

No doubt, other girls, too, are nice,  
But others, dear, can never compare  
With you; your characteristic and virtuous  
life,  
Nor keep me from you, or your loving  
care.

I took along her picture, I placed it on my  
shelf,  
I showed it to the Corp'al, but he had one  
himself;  
The many guys who stayed at home, their  
feet were flat and wrong,  
But they dance the rhumba with her now,  
while I hike all day long;  
The last time I saw Doris, she promised to  
be true,  
She promised to be faithful, but she didn't  
say to who!

## THE BOOK, GO!

Some go for pleasure  
To mountains, seas,  
Some seek for flowers  
And stately trees;

But naught I find  
In Nature's nooks,  
Yields the delight  
I get from books.

Perusing them  
The world I roam,  
And have no reason  
To leave my home.

With Western miners  
I dig for gold  
I meet with robbers  
Mean but bold.

I feel with lovers  
Their youthful thrills,  
I view the oceans  
And climb the hills.

I go with soldiers  
To glory fields;  
I view the harvest  
Which science yields.

I learn the wisdom  
Of scholar, sage;  
I see transgressors  
Receive their wage.

In structures noble  
I talk with kings;  
With boldest flyers  
I go on wings.

I see great nations  
Rise, pass away;  
Behold the conquerors  
Who have their day.

Though I hear others,  
Praise mountains, brooks,  
And seas and cities,  
I'll stick to books.



# From The Lips of a Soldier

Could the breeze, but carry to you  
The words I long for you to hear,  
Could the breeze, like some remote power,  
Bear this message to you, dear.

Each night, I spare a moment  
'Neath a blue Hawaiian sky,  
To think of you and home  
And the memories long gone by.

Sometimes I hum to the breeze, the tune of  
"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now,"  
Yes, I know that jealousy should not be,  
But, dear, it's there somehow.

Do you remember our times together,  
The parties, the dances, our walks in  
June?  
Could those times but live again; they may,  
Not tomorrow, nor the next day, but soon.

I'll sever no words, "I love you, dear,"  
Could the breeze, but carry to you  
These words I long for you to hear.  
—Pvt. R. F. Ferguson, Battery "E," 64th  
CAC (AA), Fort Shafter.

We're the Thirty Eighth Engineers  
And so proud to belong to it,  
Oh, may we never, never  
Be cowards enough to quit;  
We will stick through the thick and thin,  
And surely always win;  
So come on let's give a cheer  
To the Thirty Eighth Engineers.

We were drafted in the Army  
As Selectees proud and true;  
We had no other motive,  
There was nothing else to do;  
But we're glad to do our duty  
For the good old U. S. A.  
As the Thirty Eighth we'll see it through  
Until the final day.

Then let's drink to the red and white,  
Always loyal and true we'll fight  
Until the fray is over,  
Defend you with all our might;  
Then it's onward to victory,  
Fight on for Old Glory,  
And come on, let's give our cheers  
To the Thirty Eighth Engineers.  
—Wilbur Carlton Klingaman, Co. "A," 38th  
Engineers, Fort Jackson, S. C.

# Thou Openest Thy Hand

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Thou openest thy hand. O blessed One,  
Because of this men live and laugh and sing;  
The flowers unfurl their petals in the sun  
The little birds take bright ecstatic wing;  
Thy love has kept Thy great and mighty hand  
Opened for every people, every land.

Thou openest thy hand—the good sun pours  
Its warmth and light upon us day by day;  
The vaulted clouds release their precious stores  
To send the silver rain upon its way;  
The grain is ripened, and the golden yield  
Is like a benediction down each field.

We acknowledge, Lord, Thy mercy through  
our days,

And give Thee our united, joyous praise.  
The following poem may be rendered by  
some good reader.

Because I have been given much,  
I, too, must give:  
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,  
Each day I live  
I shall divide my gifts from Thee  
With every brother that I see  
Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,  
By Thy good care,  
I cannot see another's lack  
And I not share  
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,  
My roof's safe shelter overhead,  
That he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so  
Upon me, Lord,  
A wealth I know that was not meant  
For me to hoard,  
I shall give love to those in need,  
Shall show that love by word and deed,  
Thus shall my thanks be thanks indeed.  
—GRACE NOLL CROWELL, Light of the  
Years, published by Harper and  
Brothers. Used by permission.

## HER BIRTHDAY

One birthday candle shining bright  
Gleamed on her golden hair.  
She clapped her hands in sweet delight  
She squealed and kicked her chair.

Two candles on her birthday cake  
Brought many a laugh and shout.  
And oh, the big breath that she took  
To blow the candles out!

Before we knew it there were three;  
Then four—so soon thereafter.

## WHEN REDDY DROPS HER CALF

By Bonnie D. Elkin

Should my heifer calve some sleety night  
When coming home along the water ditch,  
Or by the marshy waste, or windswept ledge  
Over which she passes,  
Will you not lay some straw or burlap bag  
About the smoky thing—the newborn calf  
Whose dampness soon must match the icy ground?

Or, if you are passing down the lane  
And she be overtaken in the thing,  
Will you not lift the gate that lets her in  
Where she may find the straw and stall  
That I have made for her?

She is a dainty temperamental thing,  
And when her hour comes,  
O, lend a hand—for MOTHERHOOD.

## I'll Live for Him

My life, my love I give to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of God who died for me;  
Oh, may I ever faithful be,  
My Saviour and my God!

I now believe Thou dost receive,  
For Thou hast died that I might live;  
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,  
My Saviour and my God!

O Thou who died on Calvary,  
To save my soul and make me free,  
I'll consecrate my life to Thee,  
My Saviour and my God!

—R. E. Hudson

## "EASTER PARADE"

In your Army bonnet, with good old "U. S."  
on it,  
You'll be the proudest soldier, when you're  
out on Parade;  
Soldier, when you don it, that good old  
Army bonnet,  
You're proving to the world that you're so  
unafraid;  
On the avenue, when they look at you,  
Soon as you appear, you'll hear them cheer;  
As you march, head erect, we know what  
to expect;  
So wear that Army bonnet,  
With good old "U. S." on it,  
We're proud of you, dog-gone it,  
When you're out on Parade.

THE END

## PRAYER FROM A YOUNG HEART

Oh, God, who brought the harvest with its plenty,  
Who filled the fields with shining seas of grain;  
Let us, who are the younger generation,  
Do something to relieve this sad world's pain.  
Give us the courage to be real crusaders,  
Give us the faith to conquer each new task,  
Give us the strength to smile, despite disaster—  
Father in Heaven, this is what we ask!

Oh, God, who brought the harvest with its showers  
Of vivid fruit, in russet and in gold,  
Show us that pride may still be resignation;  
Lend us your wisdom for we are not old  
And life has taught us little . . . May your spirit  
Be close beside us as we kneel and pray—  
Father in Heaven, use us to your glory,  
We ask you this upon Thanksgiving Day.

## People of Note

By Laurence McKinney

### 15—TUBA

Pulling its tones way up from Cuba  
This mass of brass is called the TUBA  
A bulky weight it seems to be  
To dandle gaily on one's knee.  
Though often flirting with disaster  
A tuba learns to know its master  
And just to show that love abounds  
Emits the most outrageous sounds.  
(Malignant tubas, though, for fun,  
May coil about and strangle one.  
So with this constantly in mind  
It trains you tuba very kind.)  
When Richard Wagner in a frenzy  
Tried tubas in his play, "Rienzi,"  
Composers thought them simply grand,  
A thing I'll never understand.

An unfortunate treatment applied to  
her eyes when she was six weeks old  
made Fanny Crosby blind throughout  
life. Yet her affliction never made her  
gloomy. When she was eight years old  
she wrote this cheerful and courageous  
ditty:

O what a happy soul am I!  
Although I cannot see,  
I am resolved that in this world  
Contented I will be.

How many blessings I enjoy,  
That other people don't,  
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,  
I cannot and I won't.

Fannie Crosby found her greatest joy  
in Christ and her life mission in writ-  
ing hymns. To her, Christ was both a  
loving Saviour and living Companion.  
From her heart she wrote such hymns  
as: "Blessed Assurance," "Jesus, Jesus  
as: "Blessed Assurance," "Jesus, Jesus  
Is Mine," "Jesus, Keep Me Near the  
Cross," and "Saviour, More Than Life  
to Me." No matter what the trial, one  
is happy who lives with and for Christ.

## "STORMY WEATHER"

Dress Parade, I forget to clean my suit—  
Stormy Weather!  
The captain and I got together, it's raining  
all the time;  
Passed him by, I neglected to salute—  
Stormy Weather!  
The captain and I got together, it's raining  
all the time.  
Guard duty—doin' time.  
Always out of step, when on hike and tired,  
Haven't got the pep, I'm not quite inspired,  
Wish it was a job where a guy got fired,  
wish I was home with Ma;  
My gun slipped, and I got tripped, present-  
ing arms—Stormy Weather!  
The captain and I got together, it's raining  
all the time,  
It's stormy all the time!

## A TEST OF YOUR PATRIOTISM

And if our lines should form and break,  
Because of things you failed to make—  
The extra tank or ship or plane  
For which we waited all in vain,  
And the supplies that never came,  
Will you then come and take the blame?  
For we, not you, will pay the cost  
Of battle you, not we, have lost.

—By a United States Marine,  
"Somewhere in the Pacific."

## Big Stuff

Oh, I ain't been in the Army long,  
But I'm a pretty important guy;  
And without my bein' present—say  
Hardly anything big goes by.

I keep trav'lin' from HQ to HQ  
On the most important matters all day;  
And my clothes are always slick and trim,  
'Cause I've got to be seen that way.

I go to all the conf'rences,  
And all the parties and things  
Where "Lieutenants" and Captains and Majors  
meet  
And that air of importance rings.

Oh, there are plenty of guys in the Army;  
And plenty of things to be;  
But few get around the way I do,  
—For I'm the Colonel's chauffeur, you see.

—Pvt. Arthur Slutsky  
Windsor Locks, Conn.



# EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

## ● Meditation ●

By William H. Carruth

I'm a Soldier, so they tell me,  
Here's a uniform to show,  
And a gun with full equipment, pack and  
all.  
I have drilled from morn till night,  
Putting enemies to flight  
And have memorized each note of bugle  
call.

I'm a Soldier, so they tell me,  
I've been schooled in gunnery  
And I've walked my share of guard and  
cossack post  
I've been toughened up to key,  
Stood retreat and reveille  
And have weathered every tempest with a  
boast.

I'm a Soldier, so they tell me,  
I'm hard and tough and tanned  
And Soldiered far and wide, were'er we  
roam

But way down deep inside,  
I know those people lied.  
Cause my heart is always back with those  
at home.

I'm a Soldier, so they tell me,  
But when the "chips" are down  
And fellows talk of home, (as fellows do).  
I feel a lump inside  
And a yearning hard to hide  
And I long for those old places I once  
knew.

So I guess I'm not a Soldier  
Cause underneath it all,  
When you strip away the glitter and the  
chrome;  
I'm marking off each day  
As time goes on its way  
Just waiting for the time when I'll go  
home.

—J. T. Carroll, Btry. F, 211th C.A. (AA),  
Camp Hulen, Texas

A fire-mist and a planet—  
A crystal and a cell—  
A jellyfish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cave-men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face turned from the clod,—  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite, tender sky,  
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high,—  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the goldenrod,—  
Some of us call it autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in,—  
Come from the mystic ocean,  
Whose rim no foot has trod,—  
Some of us call it Longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty—  
A mother starved for her brood,—  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
And millions who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway plod,—  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God.

When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm  
lost

In wonder, love, and praise.  
O how can words with equal  
warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravished  
heart?  
But thou canst read it there!

Ten thousand thousand precious  
gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The pleasing theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and  
night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercies shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

## IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear  
wife and mother.

It has been just 3 months and  
15 days since God called you home  
to stay. But oh how we miss you.  
No tongue can ever say.  
In life we loved you dearly,  
In death it remains the same.  
A precious one from us is gone;  
A voice we loved is stilled.  
A place is vacant in our hearts,  
Which never can be filled.  
It was hard to see you go,  
But God in heaven knoweth best.  
Holds wide His arms and said,  
"Come unto me and rest."  
You are gone but not forgotten,  
Not as long as life and memory  
last,

We shall remember thee.  
Last night recalled our sad  
memory of our dear mother who  
has gone to rest. Oh, Mother,  
how we miss you as the days go  
by. How we love to meet you in  
that heavenly home so bright,  
Where there will be no more sad  
aches in our hearts.

Written by the ones that love  
her. — E. G. Green, Children and  
Grandchildren.

## Extra K. P.

'Twas a cold and rainy morning,  
We were in an awful rush.  
The way I appeared at Reveille  
Would make the sergeant blush.

My leggings weren't all laced up,  
I shivered fit to freeze.  
The sergeant looked at me real tough  
And my pants slid to my knees.

He said my gun was dirty,  
And that, I thought, was strange.  
I'd cleared it only yesterday  
Fore we fired on the range.

My brass had all corroded  
(Too darned quick it seems.)  
My shirt-tail kept a-pokin' out  
When I'd pull up my jeans.

I saw the sarge was gettin' sore,  
He crouched there like a cat,  
Like he was gonna jump on me  
And the wind blew off my hat.

I jumped and made a dive for it  
And slipped into a puddle,  
And right beside me sat the sarge  
Close enough to cuddle.

Now this is Sunday afternoon  
And I am on "K.P."  
Just because our sarge got wet,  
When we stood Reveille.

## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

### DESTINY

No use to fret and be afraid and  
dread what is to be,  
On us the burden has been laid—  
we face our destiny.  
For all that was which lies before  
a thousand years away,  
Happened precisely as it did to  
bring us to today.

We are the sum of all that's gone,  
behind us lies the past,  
For this our fathers carried on, on  
us their faith was cast.  
We are their future hopes and  
dreams, the reason they were  
brave,  
And now we stand to save the  
things for which their  
strength they gave.

No use to whimper and complain;  
the task is ours to do!  
We are the makers of the past our  
children shall review,  
Because our fathers were, we are,  
and, just as they, shall we  
Pass down to children, yet unborn,  
the torch of liberty.

(Copyright, 1942, by The George Matthew  
Adams Service)

## A Prayer

My mother used to hold a lighted  
lamp  
At bedtime. I stood wide-eyed and  
grave  
Watching the long black stairway.  
Then she placed  
My hand in hers—together we were  
brave.

My mother held a lighted lamp on  
high  
Until, within the circle of its glow,  
We climbed into increasing light,  
Leaving the darkened shadows far  
below.

I would be brave when life has  
dimmed its light.  
God—hold a lighted lamp for me  
tonight.

Dorothea A. Johnson

## My Brother's Face

MARY SIEGRIST

O World, awake, and be a child again!  
A child can melt the iron hates of men—  
A child knows naught of boundary or race,  
Seeing in every face his Brother's Face.  
Spirit of Justice, over the earth take sway,  
That in all lands Peace may be born today.  
Let every tongue upon this earth declare:  
My Brother's Face is here, there, everywhere.  
For Infinite Spirit knows not race nor clan,  
Beholding one: The many-hued Race of Man.  
Together Jew and Gentile climb. All races—they  
Shall build the temple of the great Peaceway! . . .  
And never a man had slain his fellowman  
Or shouldered musket since the world began

Had he but looked and seen his Brother's Face—  
Brothers know naught of boundary, creed or race.  
Rays from that White World where all creeds are one  
All races, nations, lighted by the spiritual Sun,  
Fall now upon our sick, war-blinded earth  
Until shall come that newer larger birth.  
O marching feet upon this earth, be still!  
Nations, disarm! Tread toward the spiritual Will.  
Fight against poverty, disease and death  
In intellectual warfare, fired by Holy Breath.  
Let every one who walks the world a space,  
Seeing another, say: "It is my Brother's Face!"

## Autumn in a Garden

This is the way that summer went—  
Last night I heard her farewell call;  
And now the flowers in the sun  
Are splashed with autumn's gypsy shawl.

A lonesome wind moans through the trees  
With music old as time's refrain;  
And leaves, as bright as butterflies,  
Come slowly down like golden rain.

The garden spider's thin spun lace  
Embroiders each brown blade and root  
Beneath the twisted apple tree  
Bent with its wealth of crimson fruit.

The summer went so quietly—  
I grieved to hear her farewell call.  
But look what fall has brought to me—  
This flame vine on my garden wall!

## Confessions of an Army Private

Here I am in the kitchen, peeling buckets  
of spuds,  
Wearing a dirty apron, to cover my khaki  
duds,  
I thought I had some rights and stood up  
for them you see,  
I told the boys I was second cook, but I'm  
just a plain K.P.  
I'm sitting here in the kitchen, with slop all  
over my jeans,  
Picking rocks and splinters, out of a barrel  
of beans,  
The mess sarge is a slaver, he gives a man  
no rest,  
The first cook is a villain, but I hate the  
second cook best.  
They call me a lady's man,  
But what would my sweeties say, if they  
saw me now,  
Scrubbing greasy pot and pan.  
How bravely I enlisted, to march away  
to wars,  
But here I am in the kitchen, doing my  
battery's chores.  
Many a night, I've squandered, doing a  
ballroom stunt,  
Now what a fool I've been, a helpless,  
hopeless runt.  
Now I've confessed and swallowed my  
pride.  
I'll stick to the rank I possess—  
I am just a plain soldier K.P.

—George A. Golding,  
Battery "A", 251 C.A. (AA),  
Camp Malakole, Honolulu.

## Wing Radio

(with apologies to QST)

'T WAS the day before New Years  
And all through the room  
None of the floor could be seen—  
Not even a broom!  
For traffic was plastered  
Knee-high at DF 4  
And every few minutes  
ZMA some more.

The poor OP was sweating  
O'er "mill" and key  
Couldn't finish one SKET  
Before his next ZFD  
Static X-5—My gosh!  
What a great shock!  
W-5 says the other guy.  
And already five o'clock.

Three hours later  
He leans back with a groan,  
Thinking, at last,  
He has some time of his own.  
But ZMA Selfridge  
Comes the far away cry—  
He turns on his set  
With blood in his eye . . .

Some time later  
He pauses to stare—  
Hark! The sound of harsh music—  
Floats out on the air!  
Can it be Gabriel??  
Oh! Not by a da— sight!  
"Ye Gods!" 'Tis the bugle  
I've been working all night!!

## "Selectee Number 360000"

Cut my hair in the G. I. style,  
I'm in the Army for quite a while;  
From the best wool grown my uniform's  
made,  
No use reneging, a spade's a spade.

Forward march! And a few hundred turns,  
Boy oh boy! How that old sun burns!  
At ease men, Rest; Boy what a guy!  
Almost like an angel from the sky.

First he drills us with a will,  
We almost want to go "Over the hill."  
When we're near pooped out he hollers,  
"Rest."  
Of the guys I've known, he's one of the  
best.

There goes chow, look at us run!  
A day in the Army is almost done;  
With contented sighs we sit down to eat,  
Say! This chow can't be beat!

There are the Colors flying on high,  
Slowly drawn down, for evening is nigh;  
There goes the bugle, "To the Colors" it  
sounds,  
We stand at salute, while our heart thumps  
and pounds.



## What Saps, Those Japs

When the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor  
They found us not quite ready,  
They thought it then an easy task,  
And have since been coming steady.

They downed our planes and killed our men,  
The odds were well against us, but,  
The tide will turn, we'll win, and then,  
That "Sun" will go down forever.

Come on, you folks back there at home,  
Lend a hand and help us,  
Pour forth into it all you've got,  
Be cheerful with it all, don't fuss.

See to it that "The Rising Sun"  
Shall never rise again,  
And all but one that ever rise  
Shall be the "Sons of Men."

We'll win this war, and when 'tis o'er,  
The Japs will be the losers,  
But they're the ones who asked for it,  
We were not the choosers.  
—T. Sgt. W. G. Terry, Bolling Field, D. C.

## Chiggers

Shadows fool me when it's night  
Mirages when the sun is bright,  
Mosquitoes puzzle my I. Q.  
And sergeants ask me what to do.  
After a day  
I say:  
Please, let go of me  
I am only P. F. C.  
—Pfc. Ludwig Schwartzman, Ft. Jackson,  
S. C.

## Bred For Liberty

I'm glad to give my boy to Uncle Sam,  
I've bred in him, the meaning of our Flag.  
He'll gladly fight, and die, to keep our Flag  
on high;  
America to him means everything.

I've raised him with the help of Uncle Sam,  
And no dictator told me what to do.  
Now he's on his way, to keep the U. S. A.  
And hold aloft the Red-White-and Blue.

In the service of his country, he'll proudly  
march ahead,  
To show the world Democracy must live.  
For the good old U. S. A. is on this earth to  
stay,  
And I'm glad to give my son to Uncle Sam.  
—Mrs. H. L. Nickerson, 40 Otis Ave.,  
Dedham, Mass.

Sara has Craig  
And Ruth has, too.  
Nancy has Charles  
And nobody else too.  
Bobbie has Billy Dees  
And Nita has too.  
Miss Viverett has Coach  
And so has Miss Goodwin.  
"Chour" (Swing it hot Buddie)  
Hee-Haw Hee-Haw  
Beth has Billy  
Mary has George  
But me—  
I ain't nobody's baby!

## With The Poets

The "Mississippi Poetry Society"  
announces the following as  
first prize winner of its Mid-Winter  
Contest for 1942:

### LET THERE BE LIGHT

The Hand that fires the beacon  
In the flaming disk of sun  
Is the Hand that lights the candles  
Of the stars—when day is done,  
And sets the lantern of the moon  
To shed its beams across my  
room.

If through the day—and into  
night  
He makes the heavens shine with  
light,  
I feel secure and know that He  
Will surely make a light for me!  
—MRS. GRACE KIR WOFFARD  
—Mrs. Grace Kirk Woffard.

## The Twilight

I long to sit in the quiet  
And watch the setting sun,  
And listen to the little sounds  
As twilight is begun.

Over there a little cloud  
Is rimmed around with gold,  
It really is a lovely sight  
Too lovely to behold.

And then a deathly silence  
As though prearranged by cue,  
The vivid colors in the west  
Turn to a quiet blue.

Way off in the distance  
Can be heard a coyote's wail,  
While close at hand I hear the tones  
Made by nesting quail.

There's a rustle in the bushes  
That gives one's nerves a test,  
As some poor lonely desert bird  
Settles down to rest.

The East may have its forest  
The North may have its lake,  
But if someone gave me my choice  
'Twould be the West I'd take.

—Sgt. Frank Blaine, Camp Barkeley, Texas

## The Letter You Didn't Write

There comes a day in every one's life,  
When he gets lonesome and blue.  
Now the way to chase those blues away,  
Is to hear from some one you once knew.

He may be in a far distant land,  
Where everything is new and strange,  
And finds it hard to accustom himself,  
To this new and different range.

The loneliest boys you'll find around,  
In the barracks every night.  
Are the boys that kept looking for  
That letter that you didn't write.

A little note from you once in a while,  
To let them know that you still care.  
Will help those boys out an awful lot,  
While watching and waiting over there.

Although you have neglected him before,  
Why don't you sit down to-night,  
And tell him the things you would have said  
In that letter that you didn't write.  
—Sgt. Ervin C. Langevin, Schofield Barracks.

Sweet music is lifting my soul  
each day,  
In each bird-note or whispering  
pine,  
And sweetly I hear my Master say  
"All this and more, my child is  
thine.

"I'll care for you child, though the  
winds blow cold,  
And dark seem the clouds o'er  
your way,  
For you placed your hands in mine  
long ago.  
And I'm watching o'er you day by  
day."

Just list to His voice so gentle and  
kind,  
For in Him perfect love there is  
found,  
"Come to me child, I'll hold you  
fast."  
Then I see in His side the deep  
wound.

He'll welcome me home one of  
these days,  
When death opens the gate from  
this world,  
Or we'll meet him with shouts of  
welcome,  
When He comes with His glories  
unfurled.  
Let's be ready.  
—Mrs. W. N. Kilpatrick,  
Noxapater, Miss.

## Shadows

I cannot think that God has meant  
For shadows to be fearsome things,  
Else He would not have given us  
The shadow of His wings.  
Nor would His tall trees by the way,  
Trace out a cool sweet place  
Where weary travelers may pause  
To find His soothing grace.  
Nor would the shadows of the night  
Enfold us in that tranquil rest  
That falls upon the sleeping babe  
Rocked at its mother's breast.  
And though the shadows over life  
May seem to creep apace,  
Behind the darkest one of them  
Is His assuring face!

Mrs. Claude Allen McKau

## Country Things I Love Most

er in our contest "Country Things I Love Most—In Terms  
ar Books" was written in verse and is so good we are  
on to our readers.)

is "Amazing Interlude,"  
orm or Sunshine," "The Crossing" here,  
ose "Years of Grace" that taught  
Malice Towards None" a real "Conquest of Fear."

"Cabin in the Woods,"  
"The Keeper of the Bees,"  
e "April Gold," "Deep Summer"—  
Choir Invisible" among the "Trees."

The Good Earth," "Green Pastures," "Seed"—  
Wind in the Willows," a "Sea of Grass,"  
erry Orchard," deep "Blue Water,"  
Wild Geese" calling as they pass.

All Animals, Big and Little,"  
Courage for Today" in each "Courageous Heart,"  
The Big Barn," "The Barnyard Village,"  
Where even "The Yearling" plays "So Big" a part.

I love our "Country Doctor," a "Knight Without Armor,"  
And "The Sunbonnet Babies" in soft pink and blue.  
At each "Evening Altar" I send up thanks of a farmer:  
For all this my thanks, Lord—"All This and Heaven, Too."

## Does a Rookie Need a Cookie?

I'm one of those soldiers they talk about  
Who's supposed to be low on morale.  
It's a terrible problem to some folks, no  
doubt,  
But a big laugh to me and my gal.

Now we don't go hungry as kind ladies  
think,  
We get three big square meals a day.  
Our problem, like yours, is the dish in the  
sink,  
Can you raise our morale in that way?

Sending cookies to rookies we agree is so  
nice,  
And those other things that you bake—  
But I guess we'll have to put them on ice—  
We're too full of ice cream and cake.

And another point we'd like to explain  
Involves sweaters and socks that you knit.  
Please don't think that soldiers are overly  
vain,

It's just that the darn things don't fit!

You see, Uncle Sam is a generous gent—  
He gives us more clothes than we need,  
And the home work you send with such  
good intent  
Lies around and just goes to seed.

Give us cigarette papers and packs of Bull  
Durham  
To reach us on days when we're broke.  
Our troubles aren't much . . . it's easy to  
cure 'em  
When we've got good tobacco to smoke.

—G. I. Brown, Schofield Barracks, T. H.

A little more kindness,  
A little less creed,  
A little more giving,  
A little less greed,  
A little more smile,  
A little less frown,  
A little less kicking  
A man when he's down.  
A little more "WE,"  
A little less "I"  
A little more laugh,  
A little less cry,  
A little more flowers  
On the pathway of life,  
And fewer on graves  
At the end of the strife.  
— Select

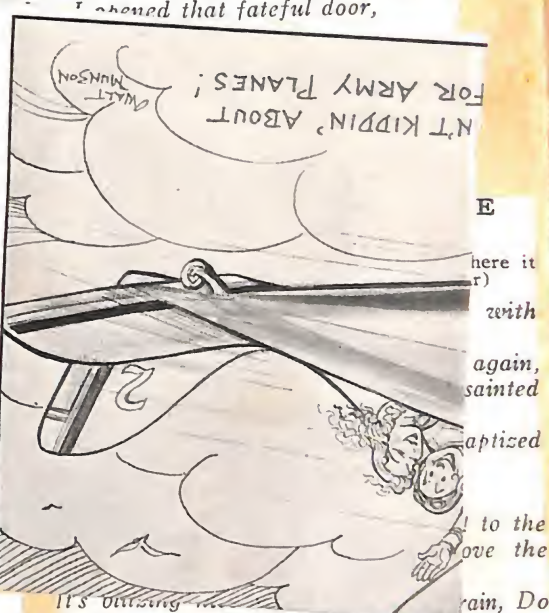
## AIR MAIL—\$5 PRIZE

Every night when the clock strikes eight  
And the stars are out and it's very late  
And the moon is dim in the western sky,  
I watch to see the mail go by.

You can hear it whirring over the hill  
When the sun has set and the wind is still  
And if you are looking straight overhead,  
You see its lights, all green and red.

And its motor plays a little tune,  
As a shadow swoops across the moon.  
Just beneath the stars and across the sky,  
I watch the mail go roaring by.

—JOHN GATES



It's raining rain, Do  
we complain, Have we a pain,—Do we  
love the rain?  
Are we all tired of a little sunny weather?  
Aren't we inspired when we walk in rain-  
soaked leather?  
Doesn't Ma Nature know we're trying to  
explain  
Just how we feel when asking with zeal,  
Do we love the rain?  
The rainy Season's here again, Just see it  
pour,  
Do we get sore, or just "insane"?  
Beautiful Rain, Now do we take thy name  
in vain?  
Sure if we do, it's because we love you,  
Rain.  
—Ruth Comfort Renwick, 84 Clifton St.,  
Dorchester, Mass.

You may write a thousand letters to the  
girl that you adore,  
And declare in every letter that you love  
her more and more,  
You may praise her grace and beauty in  
a thousand glowing lines,  
And compare her eyes of angels to the  
brightest star that shines,  
If you had a pen of Shakespeare you would  
use it every day,  
In composing written lyrics to your sweet-  
heart far away,  
But the letter far more welcome to an  
older, gentler breast,  
Is the letter to your Mother from the  
boy she loves the best.

She will read it very often when the lights  
are soft and low,  
Sitting in the same old corner where she  
held you years ago,  
And regardless of its dictation or its spell-  
ing or its style,  
And although its composition would pro-  
voke a critic's smile,  
In her sweet and tender fingers it becomes  
a work of art,  
Stained by tears of joy and sadness as she  
hugs it to her heart,  
Yes, the letter of all letters, wherever you  
may roam,  
Is the letter to your Mother from her boy  
far away from home.

—PFC. Jack Goldberg, Aircraft Warning—  
Hawaii. Schofield Bks. T. H.

—Red stood there at Stella's side for sev-  
eral moments, and then he started to lean  
forward and kiss her shoulder again. Stella  
stopped playing, turned and met his lips  
with hers, her arms going up around his  
neck. Then, with a startled small laugh, she  
pushed him away.

"Oh, father . . . well, young man, I'm  
glad to see he has gone to bed. No doubt  
but what he trusts you, but after all a  
father can't very well let any man kiss his  
daughter so completely and familiarly."

He sat down on the bench next to her.  
"Forgive me for this afternoon, Stella."  
She was about to comment, then caught  
herself and remained silent. Her eyes  
opened wider when she saw the frown  
come onto his face, and that hard, faraway  
look in his eyes.

"I've been thinking it over. You mean  
so damn much to me, but . . ." He hesi-  
tated, and then quickly told her his sus-  
I looked around, then asked, "Who, Me?"  
And I'll swear that he said, "Certainly."

Since elders have all my respect,  
I always do as they direct.  
My "Unk" said I should join the Army.  
I couldn't see how that would harm me.  
So then I went into the place,  
Where I'd meet the Army face to face.  
But within me rose an awful fright,  
Which I fought down with all my might.  
I opened that fateful door,



## Mystery In The Air

(Dedicated to Vivian Weeks and all good little girls and boys.)

By Jesse O. Weeks

My Ma is awful fidgity and Pa  
is awful cross,  
They talk about their profits, they  
talk about their loss;  
My mama wants a coat and Billy  
wants a ball,  
Sister wants a cedar chest and I  
want a great big doll;  
I want a book and teddy bear and  
Billy wants a sled,  
My daddy wants a radio and my  
dolly wants a bed.

Ma took me to the stores where  
there were lots of toys,  
But, honest Injun, seemed like  
they were mostly all for  
boys.

My ma just whispers to daddy  
and tiptoes all around,  
And everything's so quiet you can  
hardly hear a sound;  
As soon as I am tucked in bed and  
Ma thinks I'm asleep,  
They scamper to the attic or to  
the closet creep;

There is something mysterious and  
I can't figure out

Just what it is or what it means,  
or what it's all about.

But daddy says if I am good that  
Santa will come

A-sliding down the chimney right  
into our home;

But I don't think he can, for he's  
so big and round,

And if he lands upon our roof he'll  
sure come tumbling down.

My grandma says she saw him  
once when she was small  
like me,

That he's a jolly, kind old man and  
good as he can be;

He must be akin to Jesus who  
loved the children so,

And blest them and helped them  
wherever He did go;

So when my bedtime prayer is  
said each night, before I'm  
through,

I'll say, "Dear Lord, bless Santa  
Claus and Mama and  
Daddy, too."

### Are You Proud to be a Soldier?

Are you proud to be a soldier of the  
U. S. A.,

Are you proud to do your duty every hour  
of every day,

Do you snap right to attention on given  
a command,

Know you're in the army and do you really  
understand,

That you're fighting for Old Glory, swear-  
ing to be true,

Remembering that the army is depending  
on you?

Are you neat in your appearance, does your  
uniform look smart,

When your regiment gets its orders, are  
you ready then to start,

If things should go against you, can you  
take it with a grin,

As a soldier, can you grit your teeth and  
take it on the chin,

Can you take a little ribbing when your  
buddies want to play,

And know they're only kidding in the good  
old army way!

Can you guard your regiment's secrets and  
no matter where you walk,

Shut your mouth to strangers and remem-  
ber not to talk,

Be proud of your commander and other  
ranks as well,

And when our flag's in danger, you'll fight  
for it like hell,

Can you really be a soldier 'till victory is  
won, then Uncle Sam is proud of you,

You're a soldier my son!

—Copyrighted 1941 by the author,  
Pvt. Joseph Gabriele, Anti-Tank Co.,  
32nd Infantry, Fort Ord, Cal.

## RETURN TO ALBEMARLE

You said the wonder of the scented rain,  
The spell of trees, the April witchery,  
And all the little, ancient sorcery  
Would not be here when I should come again.  
You said the blue enchantment of the hills  
Was with the bright, swift, burning summer gone  
And I should find remembered magic done  
And fields swept bare beneath a blight that kills

But still toward Albemarle I turned once more  
And followed where the night-bird's arrowed cry  
Had through the frosty air as by a chart  
Cut southward in the darkness of the sky—  
And knew that I should find all as before,  
For all I sought was safe within my heart.

"Take all my loves, my love, yea, take  
them all;  
What has thou then more than thou  
hadst before?  
All mine was thine before thou hadst  
this more."

Let nothing disturb you  
Nothing affright you;  
All things are passing;  
God never changeth.

Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things;  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting  
God alone sufficeth.

LOCH LOMOND

By Grace

Noll Crowell

'Twas then that we parted  
In yon shady glen,  
On the steep, steep side  
Of Ben Lomond  
Where in purple hue  
The highland hills we view  
And the moon coming out  
In the gloaming.

### Chorus

Take the high road, and, I'll take the low road,  
In Scotland afore ye,  
By true love we'll never meet again  
On the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

The wee birdies sing,  
And the wild flowers spring,  
And in sunshine the waters  
Are sleeping,  
But the broken heart it kens  
Nae second spring again,  
Tho' the wae'ful may cease  
Frae their greeting.

### Spirit of "C" Battery

We are one hundred forty-two strong,  
Keeping step as we merrily march along,  
Jolly good fellows during the day,  
And d— good sports in our play.

We take off our hats to good old C. A.,  
And make the best of come-what-may,  
We drink our pops and guzzle our beers,  
But we stay clean behind the ears.

We are on the coast where there is plenty  
of sand,  
When you are in trouble our B. C. will  
lend a hand,  
Happy men are we,  
As you will find in any battery.

The day after pay-day we don't have a cent,  
But we are not broke, just slightly bent,  
There's lots of fellows we never saw before,  
But, doggone it, the welcome mat is in  
front of our door.

They say we recruits are to stay only one  
year,  
We like it here so what do we fear,  
Jolly good fellows it is true,  
So proudly we stand up for the RED  
WHITE, and BLUE.  
—Pvt. Leo Lemsky, Battery "C," 13th C. A.  
Fort Borranca, Fla.

# Preparation

What shall I take into the coming year?  
And what shall I leave behind? I asked my heart  
And quick came the answer: "Lay all doubt and fear  
And anxious care aside before you start.  
Take life's stark necessities along:  
The Word of God, and daily study it,  
The staff of faith, the lamp of hope, a song  
Of high and dauntless courage; fill your kit  
With laughter, and take happiness to wear,  
'Twill cloak you on the bleakest, coldest day;  
And take an apple and a loaf to share  
With one who may be hungry on the way.  
Fill your canteen from a wayside well,  
You may grow thirsty," said my cautious heart,  
"And Hark! across the world a midnight bell  
Peals out a summons—it is time to start!"

### Our Sergeant

In other days the sarge was tough  
And little yardbirds had it rough  
For when it was their wont to play  
The Old Man felt it time to bray  
And hold them in their lines so straight  
Chin in, chest out, it was their fate  
To heel the line and guide it right  
With drill and dress from morn to night

But now our sarge is lean and lank  
And loose and limber in the shank.  
His manner mild, his voice so sweet  
Just like a mother Nanny's bleat.  
Each morning 'ere the night is done  
He comes and wakes us every one  
With gentle tap and whispered word;  
The sleepy rookies' morning bird.

Oh, sarge who was my father's fright  
That you should be my shining light.  
In teaching me what I should know;  
The rifle sling, the cadence slow.  
What time to go to bed at night  
And that I shouldn't come home tight.  
The brood of chicks, the doting hen,  
Don't mind me, sarge; with us "you're in."

### A New Song for an Old

'Tis said that:  
If the Army and the Navy,  
Ever look on heaven's scenes,  
They will find the streets are guarded  
By United States Marines.  
But we think:  
The gallant Leathernecks,  
Will likely suffer pains,  
When they find the place was sighted first  
By U. S. Air Corps Planes.

### PERSPECTIVE

Riding through the clouds today  
Across the summer sky  
The world looked very orderly  
As I was passing by.

So straight the streets, so square the  
farms  
It almost seemed to me  
An architect had planned the way  
That every town should be.

Yet walking up and down the earth  
I've sometimes been confused  
By carelessness of small design  
The building men have used.

So maybe criss-cross ways of life,  
And things that people do  
Are circumspect and orderly  
From some remoter view.

### Flowers

As I read faces that I see  
I think there's something meant for me  
To carry out. I smile and then  
They smile and brighten. That is when

I think He may have need of me,  
I say this in humility,  
For kindness in some little part  
That softly falls upon the heart.

And so, to those I meet each day,  
I would impart a cheering ray,  
That never may their lives be dim  
But bright with flowers sown for Him.  
Ella F. McKee

## PEOPLE OF NOTE

By Laurence McKinney

### 6—VIOLA

VIOLA, there's a pretty sound  
Suggesting violets, and ground  
All blossoming in early spring  
But, bless me, it is no such thing.  
A head cold—listeners confess  
Is what it sounds like more or less  
And though this virtue may present  
A sort of nasal armament  
Violists spend the livelong day  
In helping others on their way.  
The fiddle's friend, the cello's pal—  
He helps the English Horn's morale.  
With envy eating out his heart  
For just a tiny solo part.  
No better phrase describes him than  
The Orchestra's forgotten man.



# Io a Kumor

Absolute knowledge I have none,  
 But my nieces' washerwoman's son  
 Heard a policeman on his beat  
 Say to a laborer in the street  
 That he had a letter last week  
 Written in the finest Greek  
 From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,  
 Who said that the natives in Cuba knew  
 Of a colored man in a Texas town  
 Who got it straight from a circus clown  
 That a man in the Klondike heard the news  
 From several South American Jews  
 Who heard of a society female rake  
 Whose mother-in-law will undertake  
 To prove that her husband's sister knows  
 As stated in a printed piece  
 That she has a son, who has a friend  
 Who knows when this war is GOING TO  
 END.

## SHOULD FORGET YOU

I should console my aching heart  
 With gay and idle chatter.  
 I ought to laugh and tell myself  
 It really doesn't matter.  
 Perhaps you broke my heart—so what?  
 You are not worth my sorrow.  
 I'm sure to find a nicer man  
 Tomorrow—or tomorrow.  
 I should have much more pride, I know,  
 You shouldn't see me grieving.  
 I ought to toss my head and say,  
 "Good riddance! Glad you're leaving!"  
 I should choose my brightest gown  
 Another to enchant . . .  
 I should do all these things, I know.  
 I ought to—but I can't!

—CELIA KEEGAN

## FARM WOMAN IN EXILE

By Joyce Flanagan Somerset

This is not she in whose dull  
 eyes we trace  
 A resignation to the urban  
 clamor  
 That frets old cars; she recol-  
 lects a place  
 Dearer by far than any city's  
 glamour:

The little lanes of home . . . In  
 what weird dream  
 Were these bright towers con-  
 ceived, these checkered  
 streets?  
 For her reality remains agleam  
 In lamplit windows where the  
 night moth beats.

More of her lies along the whis-  
 pering bough,  
 Or broods beneath some old,  
 deserted rafters,  
 Than we know of her altered be-  
 ing now  
 In this strange self so alien to  
 laughter;

More of her echoes when the  
 wood doves mourn  
 Across the fields her glad feet  
 used to know,  
 And rustles in the fields of wav-  
 ing corn  
 When eager plowshares turn  
 the dark'ning row.

Only her flesh is here; her heart  
 will stay  
 Forever captive in that fra-  
 grant loam.  
 Go seek her, then, a country-wide  
 away,  
 Where she goes singing down  
 the lanes of home!

## DEATH OF CECIL REYNOLDS

Our community was shocked  
 with sorrow in the early hour of  
 January 12 by the sudden death  
 of Cecil Reynolds, 20 year old son  
 of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Reynolds.  
 He was home on a visit from the  
 mute institute of Jackson when  
 death occurred. He would have  
 graduated this year with high hon-  
 ors. He is survived by his par-  
 ents, six brothers, a sister, many  
 relatives and a host of friends.

Funeral services were held  
 from the Calvary Baptist church,  
 Friday morning, conducted by the  
 Rev. C. C. Weaver, pastor of Cal-  
 vary church, Rev. J. W. Holliday,  
 pastor of White Hall church, and  
 Rev. W. I. Allen, Baptist minister.  
 Interment was in the church cem-  
 etery, with Robertson and Francis  
 funeral home in charge.

Out of the county friends and  
 relatives attending the funeral  
 were: Mr. John R. Bane, Supt. of  
 the Institute at Jackson; two class  
 mates, Mr. Benton Cox and Miss  
 Marie Nevils of Jackson; Military  
 Police J. C. Reynolds of Ft. Bragg,

N. C.; Sgt. and Mrs. Henry Rey-  
 nolds Jr., and baby of Camp Shel-  
 by, Pvt. Roscoe Hare of Theodore,  
 Ala., Pvt. Lemuel Pearson, Camp  
 Sibert, Ala.; Pvt. J. T. Pearson of  
 Ft. Benning, Ga., and Mr. Major  
 Lee Hare and family of Platts-  
 burg.  
 Our deep sympathy is extended  
 the grief stricken family.

THE VOICES

By  
 GRACE  
 NOLL  
 CROWELL



## FISHERMAN'S WIFE

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

### Soldier's Impression Of A Slacker

We're writing this short letter  
 And every word is true.  
 Don't look away, Draft Dodger,  
 For it's addressed directly to you.

You feel at ease, in no danger,  
 Back in the old home town.  
 You cook up pitiful stories  
 So the Draft Board will turn you  
 down.

Never think of real men  
 Say by day.  
 A Soldier every girl friend  
 And every word we kind-  
 ly said.  
 Camp Shelby, Mississippi.  
 Co. K, 337 Inf., A P O 85  
 12.63 H  
 28.48 H  
 5.00  
 due heater and  
 son repair wk



Beyond the clamor of these latter years,  
 We catch the voices that have long been stilled  
 Of the ancient fathers, battling their fears,  
 Yet trusting that the promise be fulfilled,  
 That "The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed,"  
 And that they that wait upon Him will be blest.



They built their homes, they set their altars there,  
 They shaped their documents, they made their laws,  
 Petitioning the help of God in prayer,  
 Having in mind one high and holy cause:  
 Their country—that they might through God's good  
 grace  
 Make it a home-sweet, safe abiding place.



This July fourth—the flag against the sky,  
 The land they left us, ours to have and hold,  
 God grant that we, their children, keep the high  
 Bright torch of liberty they lit of old,  
 Burning beneath whatever blasts may aim  
 Their fury on its upward lifted flame.

WHEN the winds growl, and the gulls v  
 And the sun is a ball of blood  
 As it goes down in a western sky  
 And peers through the flying scud,  
 Then my heart prays, while the waves laug  
 At the words on my trembling lips,  
 "When the storm breaks on the sea, God,  
 Be kind to the fishing ships!"

WHEN the sun dies, and the dusk falls  
 And the darkness comes trembling down  
 As billows hammer the ghostly sands  
 And lightnings lash at the town,  
 Then my heart prays, while the storm bea  
 At the windows and rain-drenched doo  
 "When the dawn walks on the sea, God  
 Be bringing my man once more!"



JOHN PETE  
Here is to the Editor of the Win-  
ston County Journal  
And all my old friends, and espe-  
cially a pal,  
To my son, John Pete,  
Who makes my joy so very com-  
plete.  
To think of the green verdure,  
trees out on the farm,  
The mocking birds, cardinals, and  
all quiet charm;  
Such pleasant thoughts, almost  
overcome me,  
And when the war is over, may  
quit the sea.  
This old world will never be the  
same,  
Changed boundaries and posses-  
sions are all in the game.  
Life at best, is only too short,  
So why dance attendance at any  
foreign court?  
We for Christian living, and reli-  
gious freedom fight,  
Against all pagan nations, who  
care not what is right.  
It is now almost chow time, oh  
darling wife,  
How I wish I could be with you,  
away from this strife.  
But before I close, must send love  
to dear Dad,  
And thank him for all the joys we  
have had.  
JOHN F. MYRES,  
U. S. M. Hospital,  
Corpus Christi, Texas.

### Civilian Defense

Let's prepare to protect our town  
From enemy planes that might  
come 'round—  
Make it all as black as night!  
It's the only way we have to  
fight!  
We have no anti-aircraft gun  
To get the devils on the run.  
So we will learn Civilian Defense,  
We're sure we all have got the  
sense  
To do our part in every corps—  
We'll do our duty, even more,  
To protect our people as we  
should—  
(Who'll dare to say that isn't  
good?)  
Learn to rescue in a raid,  
Properly transport, give First  
Aid!  
Learn who should be cared for  
first,  
Detect the ones who're injured  
worst!  
We will learn Civilian Defense—  
Yes-sir-ree, we've got the sense!  
—By Alba K. Hudson.

## Meridian Girl Killed As Car Leaves Highway Three Others Critically Hurt In Neshoba County

PHILADELPHIA, June 21.—A  
17-year-old Meridian girl was killed  
and three other persons criti-  
cally injured here early this morn-  
ing when the car in which they  
were riding left the highway and  
smashed into an oak tree.  
The fatality was Miss Martha  
Furr, employe of the Davis Grill  
at Meridian.  
In the hospital here in a seri-  
ous condition were Mrs. May  
Smith of Louisville; Sam Palmer  
and Oawley Hailey of Preston.  
Sheriff's Deputy Clarence Gar-  
rison said the accident occurred  
about 4:30 Sunday morning two  
miles south of here on Highway  
19.  
He said Hailey was driving and  
the automobile was enroute Phila-  
delphia to Meridian. Cause of the  
wreck was not immediately  
known, except that the car left  
the highway.

TAKE TIME  
There are many good mottoes to  
adopt for this life, and the following  
can be well added to them at this time:  
Take time to live. That is what time  
is for. Killing time is suicide.  
Take time to work. It is the price  
of victory.  
Take time to think. It is the source  
of power.  
Take time to play. It is the fountain  
of wisdom.  
Take time to be friendly. It is the  
road to happiness.  
Take time to dream. It is hitching  
your wagon to a star.  
Take time to look around. It is too  
short a day to be selfish.  
Take time to laugh. It is the music  
of the soul.  
Take time to play with children. It  
is the joy of joys.  
Take time to be courteous. It is the  
mark of a gentleman.

### LOUISVILLE SCHOOL ENDS SESSION

The Commencement Sermon  
will be delivered by Rev. W. L.  
Day, pastor of the Louisville Bap-  
tist church, Sunday May 10th, at  
11:00 A. M. at high school audi-  
torium.  
The Commencement Exercises  
will be held in the High School  
auditorium on Monday night, May  
11, at 8 P. M.  
Following is the program:  
Processional.  
Invocation — Rev. J. J. Baird.  
Salutatory — Imogene Fergu-  
son.  
Awarding of Medals — Mrs.  
Grafton Bennett.  
Piano Solo — Imogene Fulton.  
Address — Rev. W. C. Newman.  
Valedictory — James Martin  
Ward.  
Delivery of Diplomas — Dr. W.  
B. Hickman.  
Song.  
Recessional.  
Benediction — Rev. J. J. Baird.  
Following are members of the  
graduating class:  
Boys — Truitt Addkinson, Jack  
Bray, Clarence Castle, Charles  
Fancher, Horton Giffin, Howard  
Hathorn, Shelby Hathorn, Charles  
Hight, III, James Herrington,  
Bernard Hickman, Leo Johnson,  
David McCully, Derrell McGaugh,  
Marvin Thrailkill, James Martin  
Ward, Edward Wood, Jack Wood-  
ward, Thomas Yarbrough.  
Girls — Doris Ball, Mary Bet-  
tie Barnhill, Thelma Blain, Jew-  
ell Caperton, Doris Clark, Wal-  
dyne Coleman, Dorothy Dempsey,  
Kathleen Dempsey, Sybil Ed-  
wards, Imogene Ferguson, Jane  
Files, Imogene Fulton, Naomi  
Hamill, Melissa Hathorn, Camille  
Holman, Bessie Sue Hull, Mary  
Ellen Johnson, Ruth Langley,  
Leuna Littrell, Minnie McElroy,  
Lucille McGaugh, Mary E. Mc-  
Graw, Margaret Moorehead, An-  
nie Dori sMcWhirter, Lois Pal-  
mer, Lila Maude Pearson, Mattie  
Elmer Pearson, Helen Rives,  
Thalis Robinson, Opal Romedy,  
Agnes Russell, Marjorie Sanders,  
Katheryn Springer, Jimmie Wat-  
son, Lee Ella Whitmire, Tommie  
Sue Woodward, Debbie Dean Wy-  
lie.

Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilights last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous  
fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly  
streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh, say, does that Star spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
  
On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in deep silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the mornings first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream,  
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
  
Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand  
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued  
land  
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a  
nation!  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
—Francis Scott Key.

### What Though the Flame Won't Last—

he autumn hills are veiled in mist,  
While hours drift away—  
Perhaps they dream the rosy dreams  
Of youth's brave yesterday.  
  
he autumn garden is serene  
In bronze and russet dressed—  
Does it, too, hold the dreams of spring  
Close cradled on its breast?  
  
he autumn sky is wide with peace,  
Each cloud a silver sail—  
The springtime sky was blue and sweet  
The clouds were slim and frail!  
  
he autumn breeze is murmuring  
A song that's half a sigh—  
It is a requiem for hope  
That swiftly hurried by  
But, oh, the flaming autumn trees—  
What though the flame won't last?  
Flung out a prayerful challenge to  
The future—and the past!

PEARLS  
If every girl  
Could claim a pearl  
And I had pearls in plenty  
To every girl  
I gave a pearl,  
To mine I'd make it twenty.  
  
For mine is twenty times as fair  
And twenty times as tender.  
And mine I love with all my  
heart—  
A sea of pearls I'd send her.  
—David E. Guyton.

### A Different View Of Life

We enjoyed a visit from our  
old friend George Hinze, from  
Hinze Postoffice in western por-  
tion of our county. George is one  
of that sections most outstanding  
citizens, having always stood for  
schools and churches and every-  
thing else that was for the up-  
building of his country, and has  
been fairly successful. George says  
he is more thankful now than he  
has ever been for what little suc-  
cess he has had. And here's his  
reason for this extra appreciation.  
His home and a dozen or more  
other buildings on his farm were  
laid flat on the ground by a cy-  
clone in the Spring. As he looked  
over his ruins, and being up in  
years, he said he just about gave  
up and was ready to go himself;  
feeling that it was useless to try  
to go further. But one day he  
had an old boyhood friend, whom  
he had not seen in years, to walk  
up and shake hands with him.  
When he looked into the face of  
this old friend, he discovered that  
one half of his face was eaten  
away by cancer. He says his view  
of life changed in an instant when  
he saw how much worse off his  
friend was than he. And follow-  
ing that, his friends gathered in  
and greatly assisted him in build-  
ing another home, and now he is  
comfortably situated again with a  
different view of life. He says he  
thinks it was a God-send that this  
old friend came to see him. It  
proved to him that he had nothing  
to worry about compared with  
this friend. Quite a lesson could  
be learned from our friend  
George' experience, and story.

- TEN RULES OF HEALTH
1. Eat Less and Chew More.
  2. Clothe Less and Bathe More.
  3. Talk Less and Think More.
  4. Idle Less, Play More.
  5. Go Less, Sleep More.
  6. Ride Less, Walk More.
  7. Waste Less, Give More.
  8. Scold Less, Praise More.
  9. Worry Less, Laugh More.
  10. Preach Less, Practice More.

## The Churches

### Louisville Baptist Church

W. L. Day, Pastor

Sunday:  
9:45 a. m. — Sunday School  
Joe H. McCully, Supt.  
11:00 a. m. — Worship Service  
6:45 — B. T. U. (Seniors, Intermediates and Juniors)  
7:30 p. m. — Worship Service

Wednesday:  
9:45 a. m. — Sunday School  
Joe H. McCully, Supt.  
11:00 a. m. — Worship Service  
6:45 — B. T. U. (Seniors, Intermediates and Juniors)  
7:30 p. m. — Worship Service

### Calvary Church

Rev. W. L. Day, Pastor

Sunday:  
9:45 a. m. — Sunday School  
Joe H. McCully, Supt.  
11:00 a. m. — Worship Service  
6:45 — B. T. U. (Seniors, Intermediates and Juniors)  
7:30 p. m. — Worship Service

Lord's Prayer was repeated by all. Mrs. E. L. Woodruff gave the lesson. A Freewill offering was taken up. The members made 10 visits to the sick. Mrs. Fannie...

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, saith (I thirst. Straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink. The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him. When



## WE MUST TAKE IT

Eupora Progress: "We were impressed by a roadside scene described by Editor Harris in his West Point Daily Times-Leader. 'Yesterday,' he says, 'we saw a man sitting beside the road with his head in his hands. He was crying like a whipped child — and all because one of his automobile tires blew out.' There's going to be a lot more of this kind of thing during coming months. The war is coming to every man's door. The old sergeant's succinct advice — "A Good Soldier Always Laughs" — is pretty good philosophy for us all and Frank L. Stanton's admonition to keep a-going is not bad stuff in such times:

If you strike a thorn or rose,

Keep a-go'in'!

If it rains or if it snows,

Keep a-go'in'!

'Tain't no use to sit and whine

When the fish ain't on your line;

Bait your hook an' keep a-tryin'—

Keep a-go'in'!

When the weather kills your crop,

Keep a-go'in'!

Though 'tis work to reach the top,

Keep a-go'in'!

'Spose you're out of every dime,

Gittin' broke ain't any crime,

Tell the world you're feelin' prime—

Keep a-go'in'!

When it looks like all is up,

Keep a-go'in'!

Drain the sweetness from the cup,

See the wild birds on the wing,

Hear the bells that sweetly ring,

When you feel like singin', sing—

Keep a-go'in'!

## Question

The New Year smiles a winsome smile  
And waves a hand in greeting,  
And with a thrill of joy I know  
It is a friend I'm meeting:

I know that we will journey far,  
This year and I together—  
That we will share glad sunny days  
As well as stormy weather.

The New Year hurries to my side,  
His lips are brave with laughter—  
This is a year that I will prize  
No matter what comes after!

He suits his step to fit my own,  
He seeks, I know, to cheer me—  
The New Year is a friend indeed,  
For twelve months he'll be near me!

Some day another year will pause  
Where criss-crossed roads are winding—  
But will I know, as I know now,  
It is a friend I'm finding?

### Found in a Soldier's Journal

Surrounded by a dark skinned race,  
She stood out like the Keeper's light;  
That plays upon the ocean's face,  
For ships lost in a stormy night.

In mute appeal I touched her arm,  
And when I praised her soft, brown hair  
She turned on me with such a charm,  
That might make angels envy her.

We drank; she, lightly from the wine  
Curved in her finger's slender grace;  
While I, looking o'er the rim of mine,  
Drank not of it—but from her face.

She left me in that same respect,  
So like the Lighthouse Keeper's beam;  
That flashes on the floundering deck,  
And lights the dying skipper's dream.

## He's Censored

The following from one of the soldiers stationed in Hawaii, is typical of army censorship and, of course, is necessary for the proper protection of our armed forces:

"Dear Folks: I'm censored,  
Can't write a thing,  
Just that I'm well  
And sign my name.  
Can't tell when it's sunny,  
Can't tell when it rains;  
All military secrets  
Must secrets remain.  
Don't know where I'm going,  
Don't know where I'll land,  
Couldn't inform you  
If met by band.  
Can't tell where we sailed from  
Can't mention the date,  
And can't even remember  
The meals that I've ate  
Can't keep a diary,  
For such is a sin,  
Can't keep the envelopes  
Your letter came in.  
Can't keep a flashlight,  
To guide me at night,  
Can't smoke a cigaret  
Except out of sight.  
Don't know for sure  
As to what I can do,  
Except sign this envelope  
And mail it to you."

Can we see the sons of England  
Fight the battle for the world?  
When death bombs of all description  
From the skies on them are hurled?  
As Americans we'll never  
See them kneel to Satan's host  
While we're able to supply them  
With the things they need the most.  
Give them money, if they need it  
Give them planes, and ships, and guns.  
Give them food and ammunition.  
Give them all, except our sons!  
They will conquer if we help them,  
Conquer Satan in the end.  
We are praying God will help them,  
And we're sure He is their friend.  
Let this be our friendly motto—  
Help a friend who is in need,  
Let us be just like our Saviour,  
Helping friends is Jesus' creed.  
"Greater love" saith He "hath no man"  
From beginning to the end  
Than lay down the life He gave us  
For to help our greatest friend.  
All for England, Dear old England,  
Down with men who rule by might  
We should help them, God will bless them,  
For their cause is just and right.

### SPOILS OF WAR

How gaunt and bleak the crowded crosses stand  
Across the plain and farther up the hill  
Where shattered trees survey a ruined land,  
And weary, mangled bodies there lie still.

The clouds of war have hardly left the field,  
And smoke of battle seems again to rise;  
No terms of longed-for peace have ever healed  
The mother's heart that aches for him who lies

Torn and battered, huddled on the ground,  
With twisted limbs and bullet-riddled chest,  
A gory head, pale lips that make no sound:  
The bitter end has come, he is at rest.

They say a war comes every twenty years,  
To save the world—that mothers may shed tears.

### Radio Lid

Dit Dit Dit Dah, Dit Dit Dit Dah,  
Ringing in my ears,  
I know I've added to my life,  
At least a dozen years,  
My hair is gray, My eyes are dim,  
My nerves are all a-shatter,  
It won't be long before my talk  
Is all a silly chatter.

So if I come back home to you  
Bug-nutty as the rest,  
You'll know those Benning Radio Bird,  
Have found a place to nest.

## American Christmas Eve

By GRACE MEREDITH

Snow came today, and with moist, agile fingers,  
Turned everything in sight to drifting white,  
And on the windowpane the frost now lingers,  
While north winds hum—it will be cold tonight.  
The world, responsive to its lovely wrapping,  
Pictures a radiance 'most everywhere—  
Inside before the fire, the collie, napping,  
Delights in warmth that dries his snow-kissed hair.  
It will be cold tonight—yet with this evening,  
Loved ones are coming home, and high hope sings  
With gratitude, and joy in the receiving  
Full Christmas blessings with our homey things.

### Fort Riley

In the center of the good old U. S. A.  
Where horses reign supreme.  
Where winter is cold and summer hot.  
You'll find a Cavalryman's golden dream.

There are thousands of acres of rolling  
Plains.  
Rivers and rimrock, prairie grass and trees.  
You can ride for hours over scenery un-  
surpassed.  
Riding wherever you fancy and just as you  
please.

It's wonderful in winter, beautiful in spring.  
It's my home for as long as I stay.  
So I'll be riding horses for the next thirty  
years.

At Riley in the U. S. A.  
—Corporal M. O. Blankenship,  
Troop E, 2nd Cavalry,  
Fort Riley, Kansas

## STORMY NIGHT

Black is the night and the waters are flaying  
The sands with their foam,  
While I am holding our laddie and praying,  
"God, bring my man home!"  
But, while the light in the window is gleaming,  
The winds from the sea  
Beat on the house with their devilish screaming  
And mocking of me.

There is no peace, though the tea-kettle's humming  
Is filling the room,  
While on the glass the white sleet with its drumming  
Is bringing me gloom,  
For, when our lad in his cradle is sleeping,  
I peer from the door,  
And, my heart breaking, I see the waves heaping  
A ship on the shore.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

### A Telegram of 1918

It seems but yesterday you came,  
To fill our hearts with joy,  
When we received a telegram,  
"Congratulations on the Soldier boy."

Those times that were taking sons,  
Of the age that you are now,  
Across the seas away from their homes  
To settle a foreign row.  
We never dreamed, your Dad and I,  
That you would one day be.

### Old Trinity

Here in the busy city's crowded marts  
Where Midas drives men in their golden  
quest,

This ancient church its quietude imparts—  
Its peace bestows on burdens and unrest.

Outside—the noise of traffic and the din  
Of daily life exact their cruel toll.  
You, of the heavy laden hearts, come in  
Where spirit broods, and rest your weary  
soul!

—Mazie V. Caruthers

### MARCH PLOWING

By Janie Smith Rhyne

Across a dawn of palest violet  
The plowman strides in virile  
silhouette,  
Plows deep his furrow; and  
everywhere  
A smell of rootiness pervades  
the air—  
A promise, earthy-sweet, from  
mellow soil—  
Reheartening every man who  
wakes to toil.

## Are You?

Are you just a private who don't give a  
damn  
Or, are just a good soldier who does  
what he can,  
To help his buddies when things get kind  
of tough  
Or, are you the kind that don't have the  
stuff?

Do you go see your buddie when he is ail-  
ing  
Or, do you say he is just failing  
To do his work or just a little bit  
That he is hand-shaking and wants to  
gold-brick.

Don't go around bragging of being always  
right  
Because you will be shown that you're  
not so bright.  
That in your everyday drills and such,  
They can prove you don't know so much.

Come on soldier and do your part  
Do your work with all your heart.  
Be your buddy's one and only friend  
You will never regret it, in the end.

### To Save Democracy

(To tune of "The Old Gray Mare")  
Tell Uncle Sam I'll march with the  
Infantry,  
Ride with the Cavalry, Shoot with the  
Artillery,  
Tell Uncle Sam I'll fly over Germany  
To save De-moc-ra-cy.  
To save De-moc-ra-cy, To save De-moc-  
ra-cy.  
Tell Uncle Sam I'll fly over Germany  
To save De-moc-ra-cy.

Tell Uncle Sam that I'll defend America,  
Like an American, a loyal American,  
Tell Uncle Sam I'll even shoot Hitler  
To save De-moc-ra-cy.  
To save De-moc-ra-cy, To save De-moc-  
ra-cy.  
Tell Uncle Sam I'll even shoot Hitler  
To save De-moc-ra-cy.

Tell Uncle Sam that, what'er the weather,  
We'll serve together, in khaki and leather.  
Tell Uncle Sam he may count on his Army  
To save De-moc-ra-cy.  
To save De-moc-ra-cy, To save De-moc-  
ra-cy.  
Tell Uncle Sam he may count on his  
Army  
To save De-moc-ra-cy.

### Spell O' the Sea

It's rather hard to explain  
just what happens to me  
When I view a trim ship  
putting slowly out to Sea,  
With booms, gear, and rigging  
All lashed securely in place,  
One more trip behind her  
One more voyage to face,  
It may be Shanghai or far away  
Bombay.  
With smells, coolies' and ricksha's  
on the road to Mandalay.

But wherever she may be heading—  
Bore all sprayed with foam  
My heart is sailing with her,  
Again I'd like to roam.  
—Pvt. Jack Frost, 60th Sig. Co.,  
Ft. George Wright.

### The Soldier Pays

Says John Citizen "What can I get,"  
Out of this Army increase?

I'm entitled to something  
If at war or at peace.

Ah Ha! I know  
We can have an airport built  
Near our town  
It's nice when at war to have Soldiers  
around.  
Oh truly this Army is heavenly sent  
We can raise our rents not much you know,  
but at least a 20 per cent.

When things are again normal  
And we have nothing to fear  
Well fellows what do you say  
We can still make the Soldier pay and pay.

For when we are again in a rut  
We'll just give the Soldiers another 15  
per cent cut.





## HOW THE New War Conservation Order AFFECTS TELEPHONE SERVICE

To conserve vital war materials, the War Production Board has limited replacements or additions to existing telephone plant equipment.

As a result, some types of equipment and services normally provided by the telephone company will not be available to civilians as heretofore.

The order is expected to save many thousands of tons of vitally needed rubber, copper, zinc, lead, iron, steel and other scarce metals. Southern Bell is complying with the

## My Letter

... OF THE MONTH

ONE of my readers had a favorite article that appeared in *Christian Herald* in 1933. On the same day every year she and her mother read it together, but this year the daughter read it aloud—to an empty chair. She writes:

"Mother was taken away in March—fifteen minutes before the first day of spring. Flowers fed her very soul, but she was so terribly sick that she was never able to raise them, and have the garden she longed for.

"Today, as I stood looking at the frozen bud of a lilac, a bush that never bloomed—a flower she starved for—this verse came to me:

"Do the lilacs bloom in heaven?  
Are there roses everywhere?  
Will my mother have some iris  
And some daffodils up there?"

"Does a garden spot await her  
In a sheltered, sunny nook—  
Shrubs and trees and sturdy seedlings  
By a busy little brook?"

"As I go to church at Easter,  
By the lilies on her tomb  
I shall pray her crown's a garden—  
Where the lilacs always bloom.

"I called it 'Lilacs For Mother.' I am not a poet, but it helps my lonely heart to think Christ needed a gardener and so he chose her."

A Friend

### TRoubles—\$5 PRIZE

To win a prize is my chief delight,  
I'd work all day and perhaps all night,

Because if I win, a new gun I'll get,  
A-hunting! I go, with my friends Dick and Chet.

We would seek out the haunts of our friend,  
brer rabbit,  
We'd hunt so often 'twould soon be a habit.

Now all this sounds well, but sad to relate,  
We can't go hunting, till we learn of our fate,

So now, I pray, don't forget that I'm small,  
and that I won't be too until way out fall.

### REFLECTIONS

From the French of Leconte de Lisle

These thoughts on the indifference of nature were roused when the poet found a corpse in a lovely and peaceful ravine in Saint-Giles.

I dreamed of woods, beneath their fragrant shadow,  
Effusing a concert that nothing can exhaust,  
Without listening to me, deluding in their indifferent glory,  
Unaware that one suffers and that one can die.

The limpid spring, in its native splendor  
Always reflected the heavens, slit with flame,  
And on this sad face no plaintive breath  
Of waves laughing and pure came to ripple the surface.

Midst white water lilies, a bird folding his wings,  
Drank with rosy beak from this charming basin,  
And, sparkling with reflections from the pool (unmindful of the dead)  
Fluttered to dry its plumage in the warm sky.

Nature laughs at human sufferings;  
Ever contemplating her own grandeur,  
She dispenses to all her majestic forces  
And keeps for her part, calmness and splendor.

by Henry Miller, '41  
from Furman University's ECHO

### Chow Hound

Private Denny Botts weighed three hundred in his socks,  
And was the outfit's only heavy eater,  
For, if gas were only food, you could feed him with a tube  
And disregard the use of any meter.

His capacity was great and the amount of food he ate  
Would supply a squad of soldiers any time.  
When the dinner bell would sound, up and at it he would bound,  
And he'd always be the first one in the line.

He would pile upon his tray food enough to last a day  
And finish it in just a single sitting,  
He would eat and eat and eat, until the bugle called "Retreat"  
And never would the thought occur of quitting.

Finally Mess Attendants there would disengage him from the chair  
And remove his big bay window from the table.  
While regretfully he'd rise from his chicken and his pies,  
He would snatch another bite while he was able.

Then, after leaving mess, he would take a minute's rest,  
And take his hat and coat and go away,  
He would labor all the way to the nearby Post Cafe,  
And continue eating 'till the close of day.

So he kept this up with pride, up until the day he died  
Engaged in clearing up his daily ration,  
Tears dripped down the doctor's face, as he diagnosed the case:  
"Anemia, Lordosis, and starvation."  
—Don D'Acosta, 55th School Squadron, Barksdale Field.

### Susan A-Bed

Always those two blank fields, and flatness on beyond.  
And always the sky so gray, so dull with clouds.

Sometimes I ask them, "Isn't there some blue just showing in the west?"

But always I know. It is all gray—all gray.

If only they would stand a flag-pole in between the fields—

Or a tree. A tree would help.

A little tree to lean upon the wind...  
Oh, if I had a knife to gash that field  
Until it spurted crimson through the snow.

I'd like to see it bleed awhile...  
I think I'll speak to John about the flag-pole

Tonight when he comes in—  
Or perhaps a little tree. A tree would help.

## Thanksgiving

I hold within my hand this golden cup  
Brimful of Life's elixir grandly poured  
From out these furrowed fields from each sun-up  
Until the stars came out to be adored.  
The colors in this chalice were conceived  
In alchemy of toil and alpen-glow;  
It smells of scintillating scents retrieved  
From morning dews where nighttime fairies go.

I kiss this cup with lips of grateful praise  
And tilt it as to drink the final drop,  
But something stays the quaff; behold the ways  
Of those who know not even aftercrop.  
I pour it out to God and humbly say,  
"Just give me only what I need today."

Ruby Dell Baugher

### Out of Time

Where, where is the path your small feet seek  
Like some dark Jewess, lost in an alien land?  
Your gloomy golden eyes portray the weak  
Whose strength is such we do not comprehend.

Too soon, too soon the phantoms petrify.  
The green that shaded ancients whiten to snow.  
O, let me love you, lonely in time, in sky,  
Who should have wept a thousand years ago.

### Oh For the Life of a Bugler!

ATTENTION! Listen my buddies, and you will hear,  
Some of the thoughts of this bugle'er.  
First-Call for Reveille, I'm going to blow,  
If you don't wake up, your a so and so!  
You slept through Reveille, for sleep you did yearn,  
Roll-Call was missed, K. P. you earn.  
Mess-Call is sweet, and seldom is missed,  
Drill and Fatigue Calls mostly are hissed.  
Sick-Call is heard, by all those at toil,  
And some hope that "Gold-bricks," get Castor Oil.

Recall is a tune that brings you to rest;  
While Retreat is saluted, Pay-day is blest.  
When Show-Call is played, the ambitious turn out,  
While Fire or Alert Call, puts the remainder to rout.  
When Tattoo I sound, despairing moans do I hear,  
'Cause the Bar-room closes, and sells no more beer.  
Call-to-Quarters I play and light sleepers awake,  
Men "tip-toe" in, (like a train of freight)  
These spine-chilling notes, that I'm playing you hear,  
Is Taps, the one call, that Soldiers hold dear.  
My Echo-Taps, with its clear, beautiful notes,

To old-soldiers it brings a lump in their throat.  
It makes them think, although they don't want to.  
Of dead fellow Soldiers, and the wars they went through.  
Then they think of me, and my bugle calls,  
They wish all buglers, were against a wall.  
They would shoot us down with machine-gun fire,  
Yet the Army a phonograph bugler would hire.

So boys have a heart, give us buglers a break,  
We too, are soldiers, and don't belong in a crate.  
You know, I'll bet that deep down inside,  
Although you squawk for the bugler's hide,  
You wish you could play, like most buglers do,  
But knowing you can't, makes you angry and blue.

—Pfc. Alexander Rose, Btry. "B," 1st C.A.C., Fort Sherman, Canal Zone.

### In Memory of My Darling Brother JAMES AUSTIN (CHICK) McCOOL

Our home is so sad and lonely since you left us,  
The home that was so happy bright,  
Is never the same since we lost you  
For you were its sunshine and light.  
The grief for your loss is not fading,  
It is still in our hearts day by day.  
We miss you Brother, will miss you for ever,  
Til Jesus to you leads the way.

Days of sadness still come o'er us  
Tears in silence often flow,  
Memory keeps us ever near you  
Though you passed on one year ago.  
The flowers we placed on your grave may wither and decay,  
But the love we have for you  
Brother dear, who sleeps beneath  
Will never, never fade away.  
One who loved him dearly,  
SISTER.

### VALENTINE TO A WIFE

By Claude Gibson Cate

I shall not send you Cupid's autograph  
On crimson heart ensnared in paper lace,  
For you have had reality too long  
To be impressed by such an empty grace.

I cannot give you jewels, cloth-of-gold,  
Nor trinkets made of ivory and jade;  
Candy and books are commonplace, and hose  
Get stupid, ugly runs, and perfumes fade.

And so I send to you this hardy vine  
Called constancy. It thrives in any weather,  
Its bloom is lasting, and its tendrils bind  
The lives of those who tend it close together.

### RESOLVE

By Grace Noll Crowell

My house seems cluttered and drab and dark.  
There is not a place I can take my ease,  
And now quite suddenly I recall  
A thing I have read of the Japanese:

They clean their rooms, and they keep their floors  
Beautifully clean, and to their heart  
If one flower glows in a crystal vase,  
That is elegance, that is art.  
I am going to do as they do,  
today,  
And put every useless thing away!

### Not Vowell Correspondent

It comes to the paper that some people have intimated that Miss Earlyne Wood was the Journal's Vowell correspondent some months ago when a certain false article appeared in the Journal. Miss Earlyne has proven to the paper that she was not the one who wrote the article, and we are glad to make this statement. By an unintentional oversight in the office, this notice has been delayed several weeks, which we regret.



## A CERTAIN SAMARITAN

A man went down from Jerusalem  
On an old road long ago,  
Blithely he walked that far-off day,  
Going to Jericho.  
But thieves lay waiting who stripped him bare,  
Wounding him, leaving him lying there.

A priest came mumbling through his beard  
Pious prayers, as the hurt one cried  
Pleading for help, and seeing his plight,  
Passed by on the other side.  
A Levite, also, after one look,  
Departed, conning his holy book.

But "a certain Samaritan," going that way  
Had compassion, and kneeling down,  
He bound his wounds, and he slaked his thirst,  
And he carried him into the town.  
"Which was the neighbor?"—which of these?  
The question rings down the centuries.

"A certain Samaritan," name unknown,  
Lives still because of a kindness shown.

Grace Noll Crowell

## To My Husband

By Mrs. Perry Farish,  
Gaffney, S. C.

He is a soldier of Uncle Sam,  
I know he's brave and true,  
To Perry Farish, my husband,  
dear,  
I'll send this poem to you.

The month of August, the 42nd  
year,  
You went to Columbia, South  
Carolina.  
I'll never forget that 5th day,  
You said good-bye to me.

When you said good bye, I tried  
to have  
A heart brave and true.  
I wanted to say when you left  
me,  
I was a soldier just like you.

Although I failed, my eyes gave  
away,  
And the tears began to flow;  
But I know deep down within  
my heart,  
I had to let you go.

Even though my heart is broken  
While the nights are lonely and  
blue,  
I send up prayers of thankful-  
ness,  
That I still hear from you.

For there are little children,  
And wives so brave and true,  
Who never can receive a card,  
From fathers and husbands, too.

As all the days grow lonely,  
So dreary, long and sad,  
I'll put in one good word to you  
The best "Sweetheart" I've ever  
had.

Once more "my little darling,"  
I'll have to say good-bye,  
I'm going to be a soldier brave,  
And try hard not to cry.

Don't forget to write, dear,  
Be thankful to the One above,  
And in this little poem, dear,  
I'll close with all my love.

## That Letter From Home

When the golden sun is setting  
And a soldier sits alone,  
It's a mighty lonesome feeling  
If he hasn't had a letter from  
home.

His days are long and spent with  
work  
And pleasures are rarely known,  
Still he fights for you and your  
family  
And he wants but a letter from  
home.

His thoughts are of mother, sister  
and brother  
And his dad, who in '18 did roam,  
As he lays on his cot, it's as likely  
as not  
That he longs for a letter from  
home.

Perhaps he is dreaming of the  
sweet kid next door,  
Wondering how much she has  
grown.  
Perhaps he is blue—even thinking  
of you,  
Or that long-delayed letter from  
home.

So let's make a pledge, ere the  
sun sets tonight,  
Before many more hours have  
flown,  
That each boy gone away will at  
last proudly say,  
"Gee — I just got a letter from  
home!"

Pfc. LUCIAN D. MILES,  
34134441,  
Co. K, 182nd Inf. APO 708,  
C/f Postmaster,  
San Francisco, Calif.

## To My Guiding Angel

Yes: Angels guide us on the field of battle  
And from us the burning steel they do  
deflect.

Yet all around, my comrades deathly rattle  
When heard in low and painful sound,  
one can detect

A note of sadness, yet go they must, they'll  
not prevail

Upon the earth so scarred and torn but  
go to glory.

For there, their angel waits, beyond the  
misty veil

To guide them from the path of all  
that's cruel and gory.

Yet I must wait and dread the day that I  
shall go

# Silent Night . . . Holy Night . . .

By SERGEANT WILBERT H. CLARK

A HOWLING RAIN swept down from  
the blackened skies. Tents flapped in  
the nearly deserted army post. Two sol-  
diers stood together for a few minutes  
hunched-up in overcoats. Occasionally one  
of them would lift a boot-clad foot out of  
sticky mud or clap mittened hands together.

"God, this is a wretched night to stand  
guard," the first soldier said to the other.  
The second soldier stood silent a moment.  
"Yes, Christmas Eve. It would be difficult  
to imagine the Christ child being born on  
a night like this."

"It must have been quiet and calm that  
night. I can see the stars peeping brightly  
out of a soft, dark blanket. All nature  
must have stood in hushed silence."

The second soldier nodded. "No good  
could come of a black complaining night  
like this." He shouldered his rifle. "I'm  
getting out of this for a while. The post is  
all yours."

He hastened to the guard tent, pushed  
aside the flap of the low tent, and entered,  
accompanied by a driving sheet of rain.  
He slammed open the door of the small  
stove. "Let the god damn fire go out!"  
he grumbled. He laid down his rifle and  
folded up on his cot.

Christmas Eve. He curled one corner of  
his mouth. "I'd like to know where Christ  
is tonight," he said aloud.

"Oh, say," a voice came from beneath  
blankets on a bed, "there's a letter for you  
on your bunk."

"There is? Loan me your flashlight."

"Dear Bob," it read, "Christmas Eve, just  
as every day, we shall be thinking of you  
and wishing that you were here. We are  
all looking forward to Christmas. Even  
Marjorie is talking about Santa Claus. . . ."

His eyes dimmed. He knew the truth  
now. *Christ is born wherever there is love.*

THE END

I am vitamin D.  
If you don't want to get the  
rickets,

You must eat me every day.  
I am very important, so get me  
without delay.  
(I'm in butter, cream, liver and  
egg yolk).

I'm another vitamin.  
People call me E.  
I'm a healthy, husky chap,  
I believe you will agree.  
(I'm king in eggs, milk, lean  
meats, whole grains and  
vegetables).

I am vitamin G.  
I drive pellegra germs away.  
And give you a good complexion;  
So eat me every day,  
And do not ask a question.  
(Liver, kidney, greens, milk and  
cheese are rich with me).

ALL

We are happy, nealthy children,  
Our cheeks are rosy red.  
We eat a balanced diet  
Just like the nutritionist said.

## THE VITAMIN FAMILY

I am vitamin A.  
I drive cold germs away;  
Make you grow big and strong,  
So eat me every day.  
(I'm found in all in all green and  
yellow foods and liver).

I am vitamin B.  
I give you a huge appetite  
And drive indigestion away.  
In cereals and leafy vegetables I  
am found, so they say.  
whole wheat flour and  
(I enrich lean meats, peanuts,  
fish, too.)

I am vitamin C.  
I make good teeth.  
Like a lion big and strong,  
You'll find me in the sunshine;  
So seek me much and long.  
(I'm found also in tomatoes, lem-  
ons, oranges, garpefruit,  
and raw cabbage, lettuce,  
and other green vegetables).

## "Lines"

I've spent one year on this Island,  
Just one year that seems like nine.  
Six months working for my Uncle,  
Six months' standing in a line.

Once my shoes were number  
sevens,  
Now I wear a number nine.  
Corns, bunions, fallen arches,  
Caused from standing in a line.

Lining up to get my breakfast,  
Lining up to get my mail,  
Once I lined up for some whiskey,  
Lined up then and went to jail.

Lined up next and heard my  
sentence,  
Then the judge assessed my fine.  
I asked him where I go to pay it,  
He said: "Over in that line."  
BUDDY TISDELL,  
1141 Beretona St, Honolulu, T. H.

## To Betty, and a Coffee Rose

I soon forget gold hair-combs  
And jewels fine ladies wear,  
But not the Rose of Coffee  
Pinned in Betty's hair.

Gleaming white petals nestling  
Fast in a green leafed-mold;  
Swaying over a province  
Of brown and hidden gold.

Gem of immortal beauty,  
Long will your presence beam  
Like some bright star in Heaven—  
Haunting a soldier's dream.

## Negro Woman Living In Grave

Meridian, May 4. — A negro  
woman, found making her home  
in an empty tomb in one of the  
city's most fashionable white  
cemeteries, was jailed today by  
county officers.

The woman, identified by offi-  
cers as Hurlie Merritt, 40, had  
been sleeping and eating in the  
vault, made vacant when a body  
was moved to another cemetery.  
She washed and hung out her  
clothes among the graves regular-  
ly, authorities said.

The McLemore cemetery, where  
she was arrested, is the oldest in  
Meridian and the founders of the  
city, among the most prominent  
families, are buried there.

## I Thank Thee

I thank Thee, God, for gifts so free  
Unmerited bestowed on me,  
Though men not knowing call me poor,  
These are the gifts I thank Thee for:  
A mother's love while in my youth,  
A father's honesty and truth,  
A faith in Thee whate'er befall,  
A trust that seeth good in all,  
A hope as long as there is breath,  
A life that endeth not with death,  
A Friend sincere bound fast by love,  
A God of mercy up above;  
No man on earth could call me poor  
And know the gifts I thank Thee for.

## A FRANK DECLARATION

Los Angeles: Someone has said  
that, because you crusade ardently  
against aping the English manner  
of speech, you are anti-British. I  
say it is absurd. What do you say?  
—H. K.

Anti-British?  
No, friend, not I.  
My country and England  
Have united in a common  
cause . . .

Fighting to destroy  
The evil, dreadful thing  
That seeks to enfold us  
In an embrace macabre.  
But should this mean  
That we are any less American?  
That we should pattern ourselves  
After foreign ways and manners?

Not all good things are labeled  
"Made in England."  
I had rather be  
A plain American mister  
Than any lord or earl or duke  
Who ever wore an old-school tie.  
I had rather be encompassed  
By the good walls  
Of my American home  
Than dwell in the dankness  
Of the oldest English castle  
Upon whose moldy stones  
Ivy ever grew.

Yes, I am proud to speak  
The speech that Webster loved.  
Webster, who said  
"Thank God! I . . . I also  
Am an American!"  
I should hate to use  
A foreign way of speech  
That might lead others  
To believe that I  
Am of any other race.

I hold this thought  
Above all others:  
Today is a good day  
For all of us to keep on being  
What the Lord made us. . . .  
And to speak AMERICAN,  
Think American,  
"And ACT American."  
(Released by The Bell  
Syndicate, Inc.)

## A Fable for Copy-Cats

A ribbon bow,  
A roll and a curl,  
That is the hair  
Of the modern girl.  
Her lips are shaped  
As they ought to be,  
And not as they were  
Originally.

Her cheeks are pink  
As a rose in June,  
Her eyebrows look  
Like a brand-new moon,  
Her dresses are cut  
Like this or that  
So she won't look too skinny  
And not too fat.

Now the outcome of all  
This fuss and bother  
Is this: they all look  
Just like one another,  
Just like new pennies  
Fresh from the mints,  
Or an epidemic  
Of Dionne quint.

The last girl I expected  
To catch the fad  
Has the ditto-girl craze  
Just as bad as bad,  
And I think things are going  
From bad to worse.  
Who is that girl?  
Why, it's me, of course.



## Rookie's Lament

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!

If you can't sweat out a rating  
Where's the fun in all the waiting  
For the orders to come through  
That will give a stripe to you  
And keep the army game a-percolating?

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!

If you cannot bum a dollar  
'Cause of stars upon your collar  
Then the fun of being broke  
Really isn't any joke  
And there ain't no use to beef or gripe or  
holler.

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!

If you eat steak every day  
Drink champagne and Pousse Caffé  
Where's the joy of wondering how  
You can miss a mess of chow  
And eat a home cooked meal before you're  
gray?

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!

If you sign your autograph  
As an Army Chief of Staff  
There ain't no rating higher  
Just a wheelchair and retire  
And a lonesome life ahead without a laugh.

Oh I'd rather be a Private than a Gen'rill!  
—G. I. Brown, Schofield Barracks, T. H.

## Four Paradoxes in February Twilight

The Atlantic, half lost in the Hudson,  
Hits a hip to the docks with a shiver.  
The Atlantic is partly a vessel,  
And the Hudson is mostly a river.

The hull sucks the blue wine about it  
With a thirst that is salt-parched and  
frantic,  
And probably came of the sipping  
Of too much of acid Atlantic.

It came for a drink at the dockpumps.  
And the watchers may readily wonder  
If the yellow-eyed fish from the sea-  
strip  
Isn't making a terrible blunder

In coming to land for its water.  
It's like going to water for land  
But I might say the watchers are sea-  
gulls,  
And the gulls wouldn't dare under-  
stand

That man's deeps could be more than a  
river's.  
Knowing man, they would know him  
still able  
To thirst in a river of water;  
Or hunger with bread on the table.  
Eugene Rattner

## Th

The dusty smell; the cobwebs of the  
place  
Were reflected in the miller's shining  
face.  
His hands were white with chaff, and  
always hung  
As though some task had stopped him  
as he wrung  
Them on his sack-cloth smock. The  
crows feet  
At his eyes were finely caked. Where  
eyebrows meet  
A fine blown snow had drifted high.  
The floor,  
As smooth as ecru chintz: the engine's  
roar,  
That throbs and thrills: these belts,  
were all a part  
Of him. . . . As he moved about his  
work, his heart  
Went out: worn hands caressed worn  
wood. His nose was thin  
As though the years of dust had  
pinched it in.  
Loud men came laughing, but they  
found  
Him silent. . . . He said he could not  
hear above the sound  
Of grinding . . . smiled and shuffled on  
again  
To run gnarled hands through golden  
grain.

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF GARDENING

The following Ten Command-  
ments of Gardening were submit-  
ted by C. H. Burton, Negro Coun-  
ty agent, Washington County:  
To the loyal and diligent minis-  
ters of Washington County,  
Mississippi:

The health of a race or nation  
depends on the health of its peo-  
ple, and the health of an individ-  
ual depends to a large extent up-  
on what he eats. As a means of  
helping safeguard the health of  
your community, and contributing  
to the national defense, I submit  
ten commandments of gardening,  
and hope you preach on one at a  
time of these for the next ten  
Sundays.

THE BLESSING: Wherefore ye  
shall do my statutes, and keep my  
judgments and do them and ye  
shall dwell in the land of safety.  
The land shall yield her fruit and  
ye shall eat your fill and dwell  
therein in safety. Lev. 25: 13-19.

1. Plant a Home Garden.  
"Behold a man went forth to  
sow." Matt. 13:3-9.

2. Provide for the family Food  
Supply.

"But if any provide not for his  
own and specially for those of his  
own house he hath denied the  
faith and is worse than an infi-  
del." Tim. 5:8.

3. Preserve.

"Go to the ant, thy sluggard;  
consider her ways and be wise . .  
I'm provideth her meat in the sum-  
mer, and gathereth her food in  
Ar the harvest." Prov. 6:6-8.

4. Seek valuable information.

"Therefore whosoever heareth  
these sayings of mine, and doeth  
them I will liken him unto a wise  
A man." Matt. 7: 24-27.

5. Provide Plenty.

"And his substances also were  
The seven thousand sheep . . ." Job  
1:3.

6. Increase your Income.

"Cast thy bread upon the wat-  
er; for thou shalt find it after  
Ar many days." Ec. 11:1.

7. Sell your Surplus.

" . . . And Joseph opened store-  
The houses and sold to the Egyptians  
a . . . and all the Countries came  
Th into Egypt to Joseph for to buy  
a corn." Gen. 41: 56-57.

8. Sow Good Seed.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is  
s like to a grain of mustard seed  
All like to a grain of mustard seed  
r which a man took and sowed in  
Th his field." Matt. 13:31-32.

9. Cultivate your Crops.

"He that tilleth land shall have  
V plenty of bread." Prov. 28:19.

10. Waste Nothing.

"And they did all eat and were  
A ga lled: and they took up of the  
f fragments that remained twelve  
Th baskets full." Matt. 14:20.

All Asia's skies our field of blue:  
we'll raise those noble bars,  
Our airplanes will blaze the  
stripes among those brilliant  
stars.  
Our Navies proud shall rule the  
Wave, our troops victorious  
stand  
And guarantee the Freedoms

I chew a blade of grass and watch  
The tortoise clouds crawl in the sky;  
I sniff the breeze and think of all  
The things I shall do by and by.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

## PETITION

This, dear, is all I ask of you:

Be not too steadfast—yet be true,  
Keep me your own, but yours to woo,  
And never count me wholly won.

And this: Indulge my craven pride,  
And if you find your love has died,  
Go then, before your lips have lied . .  
I, too, shall know when love is done.

## To the Rejected Soldier

Don't feel so bad—Soldier  
Don't let it make you blue  
Though you've been rejected  
There's another job for you!

Your country knows you've tried your best  
To serve her good and true  
Don't feel so bad—Soldier  
There's another job for you!

All victories aren't in combat  
Civilians win wars too  
You don't need a uniform  
To protect the red, white, and blue.

So—you're now a civilian—Soldier  
And we've a job to do  
Keep America first!  
That's the job for me and you.

—Cpl. George Becwar, Hd. Co., 131st Inf.,  
Camp Forrest, Tenn.

## DREAM

times I dream of you at night  
sleep has closed my eyes,  
All the silver stars have fled  
the empty skies.

half a hundred newer dreams  
arm the night away,  
do you trespass in the dark  
never come by day?

with a score of other loves,  
y odd it seems  
should hear your laughter still  
my smallest dreams.

righter eyes and softer lips  
taught me to forget;  
laughter scented summer days,  
star hung nights, and yet—

all the weary stars have fled  
s the empty sky,  
etimes dream of you again  
waking, wonder why.

## Ode to a Bugler

he Bugler lives a lovely life,  
gh he fills our days with storm and  
trife,  
ootles at noon—he tootles at nine,  
ootles, in fact, most any old time!

A call for the sleepy—a call for the sick,  
A call for the Captain and First Top Kick,  
A call for the Guard when it's six o'clock  
Buck privates shoulder their rifles and walk!

A tootle for taps and a tootle for lunch,  
But Trainees, here's a heaven-sent hunch,  
When Gabriel sounds his final retreat  
The Bugler won't be in the driver's seat!

—G. I. Brown,  
Schofield Barracks, T. H.

## DAYDREAMING

By Carmen Malone

I chew a blade of grass and watch  
The tortoise clouds crawl in the sky;  
I sniff the breeze and think of all  
The things I shall do by and by.

I disapprove of lazy folk,  
And yet in summer it is fun  
To daydream for a little while,  
Flat on my back out in the sun.

## Me and My Selectee

A gallant, handsome man is he  
Who four months ago was taken from me.  
And now for Uncle Sam, you see,  
He's training to help preserve our liberty.

Somehow it doesn't seem quite fair,  
We were such a happy pair,  
But some day we shall heal the tear  
Of the sorrow we have had to bear.

The sunny days, the starlit nights,  
The moon, the trees and shining lights,  
To me were thrilling wonder sights,  
No more my heart seeks these delights.

Oh, Darling lover, sweetheart mine,  
Will you be my Valentine?  
Now what nonsense can this be?  
Valentine's Day is in February.

You see what his love has done to me  
It's changed my whole sense of stability.  
Brothers, sisters, Uncle Sam,  
Send him home . . . I need this man.

## Dice

My advice—  
Those who entice  
To play dice  
Think twice,  
Maybe thrice  
In making a sacrifice.

You'll pay the price  
And lose a slice  
Won't be in paradise  
When you play that device.  
Soldier, be nice—  
Don't shoot dice.

## I DO NOT COVET

I do not covet the moonlight's beauty  
For lilies glow to make it pale;  
They steal away the starlight's duty,  
For gentle flowers are not frail.

I do not covet the strength of men:  
I pray for faith that will not fail,  
Nor under heavy burdens bend  
For earnest prayers are not frail.

## FOR AN AMERICAN CHILD

By Essie M. Carmichael

This is the heritage  
We leave to you:  
Tall grasses asleep  
In beds of dew;  
The wondering silence  
Of land, new-cleared,  
Lonely for leafy  
Shade and birds;  
Wind that slips  
Through the tall canebrake,  
Blue shadows adream  
Upon a lake;  
The distant flight  
Of one lone crow,  
And storm clouds flying,  
Sullen, low;  
Pearl lace that hangs  
Where spiders swung,  
And a listening heart  
For songs unsung.

Alone.  
Sat a Our house is freshly painted  
gr white,  
The And everything about it  
is looking like we want it to,  
Buck And don't you ever doubt it.

The Our corn and cotton in the fields  
Were never any better.  
Had The Lord has been so good to us,  
a He's made us all His debtor.

The We live at home at our house,  
Fron So pardon this profession,  
twe snap our fingers in the face  
Of times of deep depression.

Arist If every farmer in the land  
t Will work in place of whining,  
Serg We'll turn the old cloud wrong  
side out  
I rel And find the silver lining.

The Let every tiller live at home,  
And For once obey a poet.  
Depression then may sweet the  
land,

We He'll never even know it.  
He DAVID E. GUYTON,  
Blue Mountain, Miss.  
—Corporal Samuel R. Hall,  
Company "G", 15th Infantry,  
Fort Lewis, Wash.

## WE LIVE AT HOME

We live at home at our house,  
So pardon this profession,  
We snap our fingers in the face  
Of times of deep depression.

We do not owe a single cent.  
We've saved a little money:  
We paid our taxes on the dot,  
With cash from milk and honey.

Our pantry shelves are loaded  
down  
With good things for the win-  
ter

Our garden is a paradise  
For anyone to enter.

Our orchard trees are sweet  
with fruits,  
We have potato patches,  
Our vineyard is a thing of joy,  
Our melon acre matches.

Our poultry-yard is fresh and  
clean  
And full to overflowing.  
Our flower garden, too is fair  
With blossoms ever blowing.

Our barns are filled with every-  
thing  
That's good for food and feed-  
ing,  
pigs,  
Our rhorses, mules and cows and  
The best the times are breeding.



## There Are Still A Few Free Flags Left Flying

In the Arts and Industries building of the National Museum at Washington, on the western wall, hangs the United States flag which, in 1814, waved defiance to the British on Fort McHenry, and which inspired Francis Scott Key to compose "The Star Spangled Banner."

That piece of bunting is now tarnished and frail with age. Its blue is dark as night, its red is faded to a light pink, its white is the tint of an old parchment. But it is still there.

The flag means to each American no more than he brings to it. What he can bring to it now is suggested in a poem of the great poet, A. E. Housman, whose manuscripts repose in the Library of Congress. It runs:

I will go where I am wanted  
where there's room for one or two  
And the men are none too many  
for the work there is to do.

Perhaps there was prophetic insight in Housman's stanza:

The signal fires of warning  
They blaze, but none regard;  
And on through night to morning  
The world runs ruinward.

Yes, the world runs ruinward, but there are still a few free flags left flying, of which the Stars and Stripes is one. Never did Old Glory mean so much to Americans and to peoples of all the world as on this Flag Day.

### THE PRODIGAL GIRL

I've read of the deaths of martyrs,  
The story of Peter and Paul,  
The story of Luther and Calvin,  
I respect and honor them all.  
And also Thomas and Stephen,  
Honest and faithful men.  
I've read the sweet story of Jesus  
And expect to read it again.  
I've read of the good Samaritan,  
Of charity lessons begun,  
And my heart goes out in great  
pity

To the wayward prodigal son.  
All are so glad to welcome him,  
So quick to forget and forgive,  
It makes no difference what he  
has done,  
If he only comes back to live.  
They have always prayed for the  
prodigal boy,  
Ever since the world begun,  
The joy, the glory, the forgive-  
ness  
Of the returning wayward son.

But poets seem to forget to write  
Of the saddest thing in the world,  
They're not so eager to welcome  
back

"The poor little prodigal girl!"  
Just why she turned out crooked  
She happened to strike the right  
one

Who had a slick tongue of a  
Judas  
And that was your prodigal son.  
Tho' the boy is upheld and for-  
given,

It is common all over the world  
That they scornfully point out  
for gossip,

"The poor little prodigal girl."  
There is nothing so truly pathetic  
As the life of a maiden who falls  
And if you search down to the  
bottom

You will find men the cause of  
it all.

But he is led back to society  
And nursed with the tenderest  
care,  
Held up in the world as a hero,  
And mentioned with fervent  
prayer.

While she is cast out from her  
loved ones,  
Out in the hard cruel world,  
And everyone points out and  
scorns her,

"The poor little prodigal girl."  
As it has been said quite often  
We will now repeat it again,  
That the lowest of fallen women  
Are better than the best of men.

## CLOTHES FOR THE ORPHANS (Submitted by Mrs. Myrtis Seale Aaron, Lyon, Miss.)

Who are you, my little lad,  
With face so calm and sad?  
Is it true that your mother or dad  
Can do nothing to make you glad?

An 'orphan' did I hear you say—  
Both dad and mother have gone away,  
And you've forgotten how to play  
But stand so still and look that way?

Cheer up, sonny, I'll do something for you,  
Here are breeches that my boy, Ned, outgrew,  
Patched and worn—a bit faded, too.  
But for an orphan any old thing will do.

Now, shoes you'll need for winter's snow  
And socks with both a heel and toe,  
But into my box no such treasures will go,  
My boy, Ned, is hard on shoes you know.

But here's a package just the same—  
Discarded garments it does contain:  
A true mother would be put to shame  
To give such junk IN HIS NAME.

When her own children are as fresh and bright  
As a Christmas tree on Santa's night.  
Remove such selfishness that obscures isght,  
And let Christ's love be the radiant light.

That warms our hearts into sincere prayer  
To give only things that we would wear;  
Teach us the blessedness of living to share  
As our Thanksgiving box we begin to prepare.

## Sound the Charge

By Berton Braley

Anywhere, so it be forward!"  
Words like a trumpeter's blast  
Urging us out of the shadows of doubt  
Out of the spell of the past;  
Summons that wakens the spirit  
Challenge that quickens the feet  
"Anywhere, so it be forward,"  
Never to turn or retreat!

Here is no counsel of caution,  
Here is no whisper of fear,  
This is a brave, undefeatable stage  
Ringing out valiant and clear;  
"Anywhere, so it be forward!"—  
Start from wherever you are  
Lift up your eyes to the sign in the skies,  
Follow the trail of your star!

On through the mists of the future,  
On where the distances gleam,  
Though you be chasing a rainbow,  
Though you be questing a dream;  
Leave the dead sunsets behind you  
March—with your face to the dawn,  
"Anywhere, so it be forward"  
"On" say the trumpets, "go on!"

### ON A SUMMER DAY

lover,  
lover,  
with clover,

Oh, the sky was blue all over,  
On a summer day;  
Oh, the sky was blue all over,  
On a summer day;  
And at last I came to Dover  
Where the merry bells were ringing  
Blithe and gay, on a summer day.

All the air was sweet with clover,  
On a summer day;  
All the air was sweet with clover,  
On a summer day;  
And the sky was blue all over,  
Not a single cloud was sailing,  
Far away on a summer day.

## Cycle of the Old Military Road (Puerto Rico 1540-1940)

There are soldiers again on an old old road  
That winds with an old Spanish grace  
Canopied with flowering flamboyants  
Carpeted with shadow-lace.  
Feathery fans of green bamboo  
Cool it where cane-arrow blows;  
And pineapples flank it with bayonets drawn  
Marching up hills in rows  
To gossipy groves of cocoa-nut palms  
Too young to understand  
That ages belong with their battles and  
song  
To a road that lives with a land.

But packhorse and oxcart no longer dare  
Nor peep the rabbit and fawn,  
For traffic is swift and but two cars pass...  
The old vendidores are gone.  
But a road that was brave for a primitive  
world  
Takes a streamlined world in its stride  
For where plumed armored Spaniards  
marched  
Now khaki-clad doughboys ride  
This road winding 'round four centuries  
Back to its military pride.  
—C. L. Hardman, Box 667, San Juan

### A Popular Record

Not everything is as beautiful as a  
poem,  
There is death  
and dust and the end  
of an afternoon  
a day  
or a lifetime,  
what does it matter,  
after it is over,  
there is no one to prove  
it happened.

### TO AESCHYLUS

On reading Agamemnon

O thou honored one, beholder of things  
far-distant yet within the sweep of time,  
lover of tender lambs, thy powerful rhyme,  
a sage and prophet song, still clearly sings  
to souls and sounds the taut and sleeping strings  
of sorrow. Dost thou always write as this,  
the debtor's guilt, unknown the scorner's kiss,  
and crown Truth like a sun that morning brings?

O watcher of the birds, flung high by wind  
and touched by wave, a dweller in blue hills  
unseen but by thee, sing thy verse that fills  
our souls, untouched before. But we are blind  
to trenchant sorrow such as thou hast known:  
alone we long for Hope, too-long unflown.

### "Song . . of . . the . . Army"

We are proud, to shout aloud  
America is our home.  
You will find her very kind  
Wherever you may roam.

For, We are the men, our Army men  
The fighting men of our land,  
We will fight, for America's right  
The moment she doth command.

We make this plain, our only aim  
Is to see her live forever;  
Woe behold, to those so bold  
Who otherwise would sever.

## From a Soldier's Absent-Minded Lady Love

My soldier is short, or maybe he's tall,  
He's handsome I think—or else not at all;  
His eyes are dark brown, grey-green, or  
they're blue,  
But this much I know the light there is  
true.

He sings like Bing Crosby—well maybe not,  
Still I like the voice that's cast as his lot;  
He plays the bugle—or does he know how?  
If he's a drummer I'm sure he's a wow.

I think that I love him—maybe I don't,  
What's wrong then, my heart, and what  
do you want?  
Why do you quiver and why do you leap,  
If this isn't love why can't I sleep?

—Thelma McAlister, Caroleen, N. C.

### REGRET

I dreamed one dream too many  
When first our love was new.  
We two were foolish dreamers—  
You dreamed one dream too few.

—JEANNE SPRAGUE

## WHEN LITTLE BOYS PRAY

When little boys kneel by their beds  
And fold their hands and bow their heads  
And shut their eyes and start to pray  
I don't think God is far away.  
I think he listens with intent  
To any message that is sent  
By little boys who kneel at night;  
I think God tries with all His might  
To answer prayers that small boys make  
In His Son's name, for His Son's sake.

—Gates Hebbard

### "Insomnia"

Out of the eerie hour there comes  
The march of feet, and the roll of drums;  
The blare of bugle—the cannon's roar,  
The drone of wings that dive and soar,  
When all I would ask of a night in June  
Are the mingled sounds of a whistled tune  
And brisk young steps down an empty street  
That pause at the turn where home-hearts  
meet.

Down through the haze of broken dreams  
At the rim of a dawn where tomorrow  
gleams,  
I see, through the bars of my lonely chair,  
The shimmer of starlight across your  
hair;  
Just a fleeting glimpse of long, larky grace,  
A crooked smile on a brown, boyish face;  
And then, like the light of a waning day,  
The vision is gone—the dream fades  
away.

Out of the lonely hour there steals  
A slow, sweet peace that numbs and  
heals,  
And out of a night that is weary and long,  
Comes the glimmer of Hope, and this  
mangled song.

—Ruth Colton Emery, Box 311, Penfield,  
N. Y.

To death, that one adventure from which  
there's no return.  
But when my guiding angel in voice whis-  
pers low,  
"Come my son, our Lord above says it's  
now your turn.  
It's here and here alone that peace you'll  
really find  
And here the people equal; all of human  
kind,  
For in death all human sorrows truly are  
no more."  
I hope I'll be as brave as they, they who  
went before.  
—G. A. Mandia, Battery "E", 8th F.A.,  
Schofield Barracks.

### SUMMER RAIN

By William Arnette Wofford

I love the sound of falling rain  
Upon a tranquil summer day;  
Thin silver chimes on my thatched  
roof  
Ring out in such a magic way.

The flowers greet the rain with joy,  
And raise their heads when day is  
done;

They know the rain is their good  
friend,  
And offer thanks in unison.

The little meadow pools are starred  
With silver ripples by the rain;  
The hermit thrush sends forth its  
song  
Because the earth is fresh again.



# "King of the Wild"

by E. A. BRININSTOOL

Oh, I am the king of the Western wild,  
And the back of a hoss my throne!  
I'm Nature's reckless and untamed child,  
Of the prairie born and grown!  
I worship only the rollin' plain,  
And the gray buttes, grim and strange,  
And the coyote's song is the only strain  
That echoes across the range!

Then it's ho, for the land of the long-horned steer,  
By the tenderfoot undefiled!  
With a bronc to ride o'er the prairies wide,  
I'm king of the Western wild!

I haven't a care nor an ill nor ache,  
I'm free as the singin' lark!  
A steer to brand or a bronc to break,  
From the rise of dawn till dark!  
I ride heart-free on the dusty trail,  
And sleep 'neath the stars' pale light,  
And bear the brunt of a howlin' gale  
If the herd stampedes at night!

Then it's ho, for the land of the sagebrush rank,  
Where the rugged buttes are piled!  
On a bronco throne I can hold my own,  
For I'm king of the Western wild!

My dress is rough and my language, too!  
I'm some on the rope and shoot!  
There's nothin' much that I dassn't do;  
I'm about half man, half brute!  
I'm keen for fun in my reckless style,  
And there's nary a kick nor squeal  
When I ride to town and I lose my pile  
In an all-night poker deal!

Oh, a cowboy's life is the life for me,  
Way out on the range exiled!  
Where the longhorns bawl and the coyotes call,  
I'm king of the Western wild!

## to the Twelfth

A toast to the Twelfth Infantry!  
Her's is a brilliant history,  
Touched with the blood of Fort McHenry  
San Antonio and Malvern Hill;  
She fought at the Battle of El Caney  
And helped to win at San Juan Hill;  
In the brave winning of the West,  
She stood the stalwart's steely test;  
Her blows were felt in tropic scenes,  
Campaigning in the Philippines—

So let us drink she'll always be  
As glorious in victory,  
And valiant in defeat, as she  
Has been throughout her history.  
—Robert A. Houston.

## COTTON SERVES THE WORLD

By Ruth Randol

Picking a schoolgirl's charming suit;  
Or a baby's colorful socks;  
Or mayhap a stylish evening gown  
May be made from these snow-  
white locks!

This bollful may go to the doctor's  
place  
With healing for wound or sore,  
And this may start for a distant  
strand,  
But be shipwrecked and washed  
ashore.

## Glory

A soldier dies in battle,  
And noble things are said  
Of martyrdom and glory,  
After the man is dead.

We speak of his great courage;  
And for the life he gave,  
Erect a stone engraving  
To decorate his grave.

Though it may seem less noble,  
There's more than life to give;  
There's that eternal longing—  
To sacrifice and LIVE!

—Michiel Burson,  
Fort Amador, Canal Zone.

## NIGHT

A tree just breathed—  
Silhouetted lace against the sky.  
Against a blended sundown  
Midget houses lie  
Embracing all the stillness  
And the liquid coolness of the night

## PRAYER

O Heart, breathe your prayer,  
Let a breath of autumn air  
Lift it high against the sky.  
Let it wait at heaven's gate  
And God will let the prayer inside

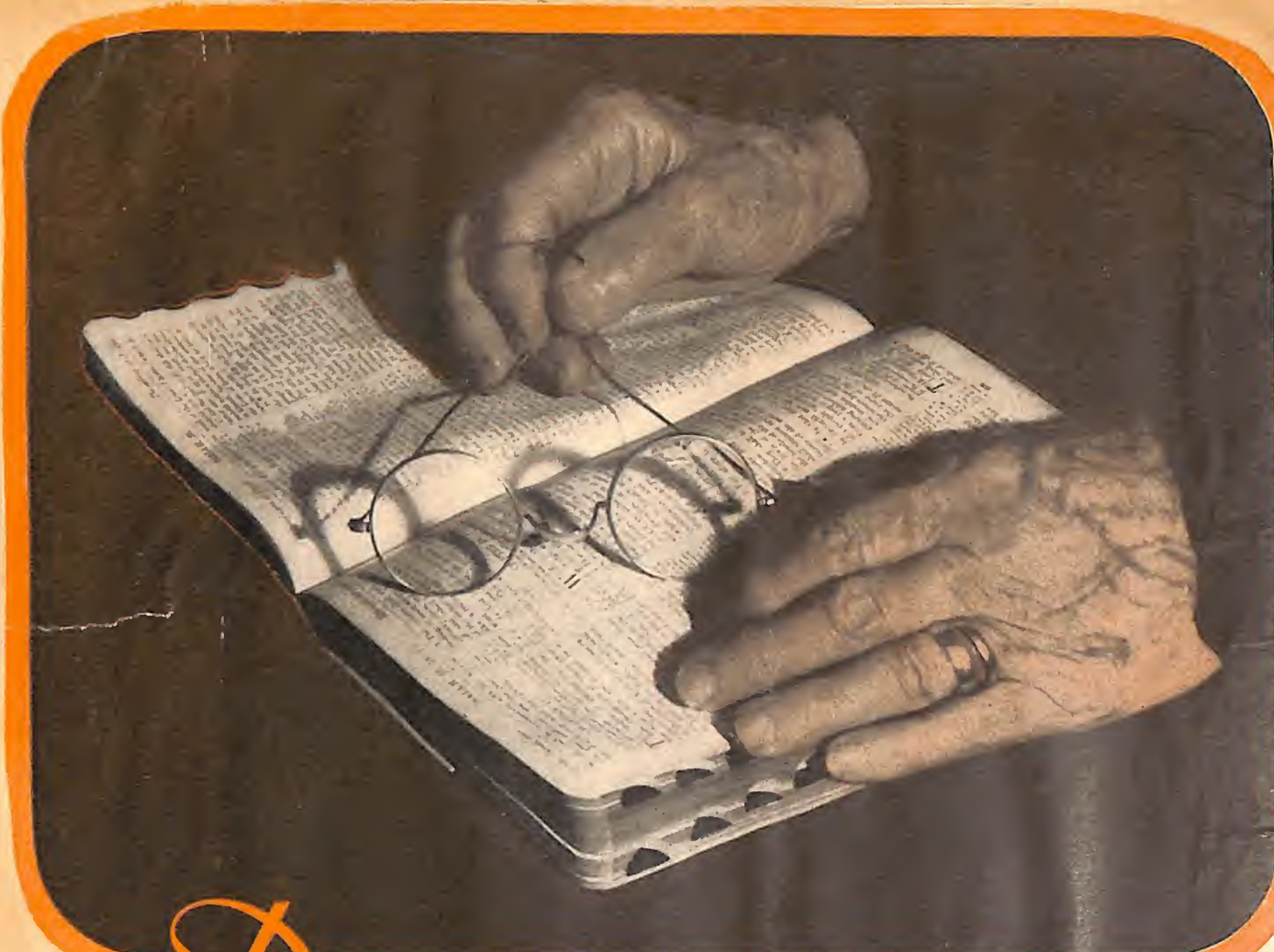
## VOYAGEUR

I've set my ship for a distant isle,  
Across the emerald seas;  
The way is often hard and rough,  
And misery pays the fees.

But oh, it is a shining isle  
That beckons through the haze,  
That forms the far horizon line  
Of blue and green and maize!

And when, through tempest's noise and  
din,  
I hear a call come clear  
In joy, my ship will forward spring—  
In death, there is no fear.

By Lillian M. Wimet, age 17



# Dear Hands

By Grace  
Noll Crowell

Dear hands, at rest upon God's blessed Word,  
Dear fingers that still trace the old loved lines,  
Dear Heart that suddenly is deeply stirred  
By some newly illuminated phrase that shines—  
How beautiful you are! How richly rife  
With meaning is the ancient shadowed page!  
Beneath those hands the embered core of life  
Gives forth its comfort and its warmth for age.

Dear Heart, earth's journey-end is very near,  
But warmth will never fail you, nor the night  
Be dark at all, for clearly you can hear  
God's voice: "At evening time it shall be light."  
You have beneath your fingertips the Way  
That leads to Youth and to Eternal Day.

## 16—TYMPANUM

This Vibrant Bowl, the TYMPANUM,  
(It's also called a Kettledrum)  
However lightly we may treat it,  
For solid skill it's hard to beat it.  
A tympanist, to make it clear  
Must play it both by hand and ear,  
Manipulating gadgets which  
Will bring it smartly up to pitch;  
Then, pots encircling him about,  
He stands prepared to dish it out,  
And from his tubs the flavor floats  
Of tickled beats and hot rolled notes  
As from these mammoth soup fureens  
Come thunderstorms and battle scenes.  
A sweet existence, we presume,  
This life of everlasting boom.

## VOICES

I am Barabbas!  
'Tis I that should have died  
Upon the tree,  
But there the Holy One was hanged  
Instead of me!

And I am Pilate!  
I might have saved Him  
With a word.  
I washed my hands,  
But made no protest heard.

And I am Peter!  
I knew so well,  
His gentle, loving heart;  
Yet in His hour of deepest need,  
I took no part.

And I?  
My guilt is deeper far  
Than theirs.  
I am the faithless, who  
While centuries have sped,  
Still press the crown of thorns  
Upon His head.

Albertine H. Miller

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And gird your armor on,  
Strong in the strength which God  
supplies  
Through his eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
The man who in the Saviour trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then, in his great might,  
With all his strength endured  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God—

That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
You may o'ercome through Christ  
alone,  
And stand complete at last.

From strength to strength go on;  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness  
down,  
And win the well-fought day.

Still let the Spirit cry,  
In all his soldiers, "Come,"  
Till Christ the Lord descends  
from high,  
And takes the conquerors  
home."



## The Movie

Here comes Massachusetts,  
On his heels, Idaho,  
That looks like California  
Flanking good old Ohio.  
Oregon and Maryland  
To right of Mississippi  
Those buddies, Arizona  
And that country boy, Missouri.  
Texas eases gently  
On the backs of Maine and Georgia  
Kentucky punches Florida  
Says softly "Boy, howdya?"  
Nevada and Wisconsin  
New Hampshire and Vermont,  
Leaving by the door that seems  
A brown stream from a font.  
Connecticut, Nebraska  
The hills of Tennessee,  
The talk is of the picture  
And the shows they'd like to see.  
New York, Louisiana  
New Jersey and Utah  
Look at Colorado and that big lad  
Arkansas,  
South Dakota, North Dakota  
Carolinas both  
West Virginia, Michigan  
To leave the show they're loath  
Delaware and Washington  
Indiana's boy  
All leaving now, and arm in arm  
With lads from Illinois.  
Alabama, Iowa  
Kansas and Rhode Island  
Minnesota, Wyoming  
Brushing past Montana  
Pennsylvania's almost last  
Virginia greets "Hello!"  
He jostles Oklahoma, bids  
"Good-night, New Mexico."

## NEGRO

This too shall pass, for not  
In vain my soul has borne  
The bruises of embittered tongues.  
My life is spent, yet shall I live  
And recompense my life its living.  
My sons I have, nor have my  
Prayers washed from their youthful minds  
The martyred blood spilt from their  
Father's veins. A rope still hangs  
To bind them from my hopes and  
All my dreams. I must keep faith  
For in my heart I can but know  
That vengeance is not mine but  
For the Lord. How can they see?  
How may I let them know and  
Understand that we must bury  
In our past those scars of hate  
Which mark our weary path?  
We would forget and reconcile  
Our griefs, yet who has sinned?  
Is it my sons who err that they are scorned  
Unto their depths and pricked  
With thorns of pride? This is their cross,  
Their Calvary, to be borne with  
The gentle dignity of that Forsaken Man  
Whose blood was clean, yet spilt  
For crimes undone.  
I shall not fail; my task is but as  
Large as is my will, and it is stronger  
Through years of crushing persecution.  
I will rise up and with my tattered  
Garments bury all that is or has  
Been before of hatred, prejudice,  
Caste, all the torment which has  
Tortured me and those who bear my pain.  
And then my soul will smile, and with  
That love which emanates from valiant  
Hearts and pure, my lips will speak,  
"— thy neighbor as thyself."

by Marion Bennett, '40

## The Soldier

I ain't much for writin' down my feelings  
or expressing sentimentals that I hide.  
But when dress parades are due  
and we're marching in review  
My chest swells up and nearly bursts with  
pride.

Sure, I gripe and kick a lot about the Army,  
findin' fault with everything that's done.  
But when the land takes up the best  
or the bugles play "retreat",  
I'm glad the Army claims me as her son.

—John T. Canoll, Fort Hulén, Texas.

## Me and My Two Thin Blankets

Me and my two thin blankets,  
As thin as a slice of ham.  
A German spy,  
Was likely the guy,  
That made them for Uncle Sam.

How did I sleep? Don't kid me,  
My bed tick was filled with straw,  
With lumps, humps, and big bumps,  
That poked me until I was raw.

Me and my two thin blankets,  
As thin as a last dime,  
As thin, I guess, as a chorus girl's dress,  
Well, I had one hell of a time.

I would pull them up from the bottom,  
Whenever I started to sneeze,  
A couple of yanks to cover my shanks,  
And then my dogs would freeze.

You could use them for porous plasters,  
Or maybe to strain the soup,  
My pillow? My shoes, when I started to  
snooze,  
I have chilblains, cough and the croup.

Me and my two thin blankets,  
All bundled up under my chin,  
Yes, a German spy,  
Was likely the guy,  
That made them for Uncle Sam.  
—Staff Sgt. Al. Longerbeam, Station Hos-  
pital, Fort Bragg.

## BRAVE PRAYER

The dreams we dream when youth is  
sweet,  
Are sweeter far than youth;  
They tell us that the world belongs,  
To seekers after truth.  
They tell us that the weak may win,  
And that ideals survive;  
And that ambition's gallant spark,  
Will always stay alive!

The dreams we dream when middle  
age  
Has brought its meed of sorrow,  
Dwell often in the yesterdays—  
Instead of the tomorrow.  
They tell us that the hopes we knew,  
Were far too gay to last,  
They beg us to remember youth—  
Though it has hurried past.

The dreams we dream when sunset  
time  
Becomes the afterglow,  
Are frail and silver as a star,  
And melt as fast as snow.  
And yet, to eyes made dim with tears,  
To heads bowed down with care,  
They give a lift—for these last dreams,  
Reflect lost youth's brave prayer!

## My Dear . . .

Ever since you've been off on maneuvers  
Each time when I sit down to write;  
I end up chewing my pencil  
Until it and the paper's a sight . . .

For except for the ice box 'most floating  
In the pan I neglected to drain;  
And the ants marching over the kitchen  
With the reds most likely to gain;  
Not much has happened here lately,  
Oh, the radio's back on the blink  
(I tried to fix the condenser  
And broke the reducer I think!)

And the clock doesn't run, excepting face  
down;  
(I tossed it under the bed)  
The toaster's burned out and I blew a fuse;  
The grass on the front lawn is dead.  
I seem to be living on hamburgers,  
Imagine, just cooking for one!  
The laundry forgot a lace curtain;  
And I'm awfully browned by the sun.

But there isn't any news passing,  
Nothing about which to write;  
Perhaps it may happen tomorrow  
And so I will close for tonight.  
Your loving wife.

P.S. I neglected to mention, I miss you,  
Oh my darling I do . . . every day;  
It just doesn't seem home here with-  
out you  
It seems years since you've gone away!  
—Mimi Glaspell, Hattiesburg, Miss.

## Men In Uniform

From every corner of this Nation, far and  
wide,  
Upon this field, as elsewhere, men have  
come to serve;  
Certain, and unswerving in their purpose,  
Knowing they defend the rights they all  
deserve.  
Today has wrought a mighty plan,  
Held forth with hopes to every man;  
Each one should do the best he can.  
All of us are entrusted to the noble task—  
Right triumphs in the cause that never  
ends;  
"Make this, our land, the bulwark of  
defense,  
You, upon whose hopes the world depends."  
—George Bailey, Actg. Cpl., 30th Inf.,  
Baty. "K", Presidio of San Francisco

## IN MEMORY

On Mother's Day May 11, 1941,  
God called in the home of Mr.  
and Mrs. Edgar Stokes and claim-  
ed for his own, our darling baby,  
Mary Elaine. She was only in our  
home one month and three days  
and we loved her dearly. But  
Jesus loved her better, so on  
The midnight hour, in the quiet-  
ness of the room,  
The precious little life sank slow-  
ly into gloom.

We dearly loved the little child,  
But Jesus loved her too;  
He even on her sweetly smiled and  
Placed her with His chosen few.

"Forbid them not!" the Savior  
said,  
"Oh! suffer them to come to me,"  
"Of such my Heavenly Kingdom is  
Like all my followers may be."  
Young children are the gems of  
earth,  
The brightest jewels mothers have  
They sparkle on the throbbing  
breast,  
But brighter shine in the Heaven  
of rest.

Dear one I know that you will be  
The first at Heaven's gates and  
will welcome me.

Mother, Mrs. Edgar Stokes.

## On Sunday Morning

(A Southern Poem to Memorize)

William Alexander Percy provides  
our Mississippi poem in this series:

Far, far from here the church bells ring,  
As when I was a child,  
And there is one I dearly love  
Walks in the sunlight mild.  
To church she goes, and with her once  
I went, a little child.

The church bells ring far, far away,  
The village streets are bright,  
The sunlight falls in slanting bars  
And fills the church with light.  
And I remember when I knelt  
Beside her, in delight. . . .

There's something lost, there's some-  
thing lost,  
Some wisdom has beguiled!  
My heart has flown a thousand miles  
And in the sunlight mild  
I kneel and weep beside her there  
As she prays for her child.

## Wings

Another might send you a lucky charm;  
All that I bring is a song,  
Spun from the threads of a golden dream  
I did not hold for long.  
Wafted across the star-strung skies,  
A lilting, sad refrain—  
Borne on the wings of a day that is gone  
And never will come again.

Another might send you a Talisman;  
All that I bring is a prayer,  
Springing from love and fashioned with  
hope  
To guide you while up there.  
These simple words to wear in the heart  
Where fear has never lain—  
God grant the dreams that we have shared  
Will all come back again.  
—Ruth Colton Emery

## THE R. A. F.

R. J. Reynolds, head of the Reynolds  
Tobacco Company, and one of the  
nation's greatest industrialists, has  
written a poem, dedicated to the men  
in the "R. A. F.", which may rank as  
a classic. We quote these lines:

"They need no tomb,  
Nor sullen feet to shuffle 'round their bier;  
Just lay them down on some high ground,  
With the eagle and the deer!  
Carve not their name;  
Nor plant a mark of wood or stone;  
Just let them lie beneath blue sky  
Alone, always alone!  
Sun, moon and stars  
Will sentinel their mound;  
Who dares the skies where the eagle flies  
Will know what they have found."

## CARES

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

I gathered all the sorrows,  
The doubtings and the fears,  
That ever dogged my footsteps,  
The while I climbed the years,  
And, binding them together,  
When night walked on the deep,  
I gave them to the waters  
To keep.

There were no ghosts to haunt me,  
As I walked in the dawn,  
And laughter came with solace  
For grieving that was gone,  
But, when the long day ended,  
I knelt and begged the sea  
To give what I had given  
To me.

The weary day had taught me  
What gray men ever know,  
That there can be no gladness,  
Unless our hearts find woe,  
And, as the waters hearkened  
To my despairing cry,  
I learned that God was wiser  
Than I.

## Cattle Draw

Knots of muscles slip  
Beneath sleek hides.  
Sweating, shouting men  
Pile the stone-boat high;  
And flail the steaming sides  
Of yoke on yoke  
With knotted rawhide whips.  
The red earth shines like tile  
As each boat slips  
Its scant six feet.  
All weights are used,  
And men get on to ride.  
Gee breaks it out.  
It slides: eight hooves that pound  
Like polished pistons push away  
Two yards of hard packed clay:  
And big men smile.

## Pursuits

Swift as falcons in their flight,  
Dashing from a dizzy height.

Down they dart, so grim and gray  
Ever ready for their prey.

Pilots strong, the no ion's best—  
Men who've stood each acid test.

Always ready, day and night—  
Champions of the strong and right.

Men and ships like things of steel  
Built to fight and never kneel.

Keen of eye and strong of hand,  
Guardians of our dear fair land.

Masters of the heavenly blue—  
Hail to you, oh birdmen true.

## Carolina Low Country

(A Southern Poem to Memorize)

For our South Carolina poem Mrs.  
Johnson suggests Archibald Rutledge's  
hauntingly beautiful description of the  
historic and picturesque "Low Coun-  
try" around Charleston:

If in my songs the note of grief is heard,  
The sound of evening bells and elegies,  
Melodies by moonlight of the mocking-  
bird,  
The night-wind through the dim and  
dreaming trees—  
My voice is of my Country. . . .

You do not hear me singing. But you  
hear  
The twilight wind through myrtle, bay  
and pine;  
The mystery of marshes wide and drear;  
The golden bells of the lustrous jasmine  
vine;  
The grieving loveliness that live oaks  
wear;  
The wildwood where the sad lost  
moonbeams shine.

## THE FARMER TO UNCLE SAM—

By Mrs. Dee Haley

I have no time to fight for "rights,"  
I've got a job to do—  
And while I concentrate on that,  
I'm depending, Unk, on you.

If America I'm to defend,  
I'm sure you clearly see  
That while I stick to my Uncle Sam,  
He's got to stick to me!



## Ode to a Sunday K. P.

There you sit beside a tent,  
And all the joy in life is spent  
How can you go on a payday spree  
While doing a Holiday K. P.

In one hand you grasp a pasty potato,  
The other entwines a timely tomato.  
Peel 'em thin and control your thoughts  
For when you're through, next comes the  
pots.

Nice big pans all thick with gooey,  
So rub and scrub—goldarn it—phooey!  
Rice pudding,—fish,—macaroni,—stew,  
Everything sticks like G. I. glue!

Oh, why did you let that rusty gun  
Get that way and spoil your fun?  
The sun goes down,—you can hardly see,  
Will it never end,—this darn K. P.  
—“G. I.” Brown, Schofield Barracks Reception Center.

### THREE PORTRAITS

I

#### Martyr

So bright a light from melting wax is born,  
From this thin wire of glowing filament  
There burns the splendor of a firmament,  
The careless, flush magnificence of morn.

There have been souls, fanned by such mighty winds  
Swept with the cloak of so intense a flame,  
That the dross wax relinquishes its claim  
And in one blinding stream of glory ends.

II

#### Philosopher

Here goes one old in all except the name,  
Who in too harsh a way of life has learned.  
He sought the truth as most may seek the flame,  
And like the moth within the fire was burned.

III

#### Sky-Writing

I saw one on the flaming wings of sunset  
Engrave across the moving plains of air  
A shifting line. An instant there it hung  
In insubstantial form, poised gracefully  
On nothingness, as though the very breeze  
Withheld its breath. The finger, tracing beauty  
Died in the clouds. But half a moment more  
The sentence gleamed for all who watched to read  
And then dispersed upon the idle winds  
Letter by letter, shifting from itself  
Into distorted form and then to mist,  
And then at last only an aura there  
Athwart the sun, that every vagrant breeze  
Made more a mockery. O you who hear,  
Mark well these words and this the fading line,  
They are the life and passing of the poet.

by Marcellus Steadman, '40  
from Emory University's PHOENIX

### Army of Men

We are an army of men who have gone  
wrong  
We are an army of men dressed in blue.  
We work in the fields,  
While a man with a gun, stands ready to  
fire,  
If one move we make, he has orders to  
use it  
As we work, he stands and he watches  
For we are the army of men who have gone  
wrong.

Some of us are young and some of us are  
old  
Some of us have hair that is gray and  
others have none  
Some of us have hair that is black and  
others have hair that is red  
But we are men, we are human  
But we are an army of men who have  
gone wrong.

We love our country  
We'll fight for our country  
We'll die for our country  
For we may be the army of men who have  
gone wrong  
But one wrong thing we've done, has given  
us years to regret  
For God is the only one who can forgive us  
The army of men who have gone wrong.  
—Ethel Miller, Bldg. 110, Sec. Q, G. I.,  
N. Y.

## Just Before Spring

Just before spring has stepped across the sill,  
The earth seems hushed and breathless, and the sky  
Is tender as a mother's lullaby.  
And in brown fields that winter tried to kill,  
There is a sudden softness; and the will  
To bloom again, that nothing can deny,  
Wakes in the orchard trees . . . the gale sweeps by  
To lose itself against some sun-kissed hill!

Just before spring my heart that has known sorrow  
Feels the vague stirring of a joyous song—  
What thought the winter has been stark and long?  
Spring's purse is full—and from the spring I'll borrow  
Forgetting pain and poverty and wrong—  
I wait upon the threshold of tomorrow!

### A Buck Private

Some times he is happy,  
Some times he is sad,  
He is nothing but a buck private,  
A fine, relentless, Yankee lad.

He doesn't want to get up in the morning  
He doesn't want to go to bed at night,  
All he thinks about is women,  
Or being mixed up in a great big fight.

He meets many a pretty girl,  
And is always falling in love,  
When he dies they say he'll go below,  
But he thinks he'll go up above.

And you would think the same,  
If in his place you did belong,  
For you would be a buck private,  
And a buck private never does anything  
wrong.  
—Pvt. Virgil D. Mahoney, Camp Haan,  
Cal.

### The Infantry

Listen to the beat of measured steps  
O'er hill and down through glen,  
For the khaki-clad men of the Infantry  
Are on the march again.

There's the squeak of old shoe leather  
As o'er the hills they roam,  
Thinking of the loved ones  
They left back home alone.

The Officers, Cooks and M.P.'s ride  
While the Infantry walks along,  
With shoulders squared and heads erect  
Singing a happy song.

And when the day is over  
And they've found a place to rest,  
They'll know that in the Service  
The Infantry's the best.

So rally round Old Glory  
At the close of every day,  
And let the shouts ring out with glee  
For this good, old U.S.A.  
—Sgt. Frank Blaine, 158th Infantry,  
Camp Barkeley, Texas.

### The Spirit of Texas

Soldiers squatted round the camp-fire  
Are prepared to tell their tales  
So it's all about you, Texas,  
And those friendly Texas trails.

Where the politicians quibble  
And the troubles mighty few,  
Where the Greasers steal your chicken  
And the O'possum steals your shoes.

There's corn liquor in the bath tubs,  
With a maiden on each lap;  
A regular hill-billy crooner  
With his children rules the map.

The rattle snakes are as friendly  
As the stars that shine above  
And the hoot-owls screech as lonely  
As a soldier's life without love.

Where the mustangs and the cattle,  
Wilder than can be atoned;  
Chase each other through mesquite brush;  
That's the place I call my home.

When the heat waves dance at noon-tide  
Too hot for coyotes to moan,  
Here is my pledge to you, Texas;  
I will forever toot your horn.

## GIFTS

By Mabel Hatton Marks

Once every year we gather round the tree,  
Alight and lovely in its glad array,  
And with our gifts to friends and family,  
Our songs of praise, we celebrate His day.

But He graced every day with gifts and cheer,  
He gave Himself throughout the passing year.

With hand and heart He gave unstintedly,  
He fed the hungry, calmed the troubled mind;  
From His magnetic personality  
Restored the sick, gave sight unto the blind.  
In quick response He answered every call  
With gifts to rich and poor, to great and small.

But there were some things that He did not share;  
The bitter cup, betrayal by His own,  
The weariness and dread, the secret prayer,  
Gethsemane, the Cross, were His alone;  
All else He gave; He filled life to the brim  
Because each day was giving-day for Him.

### An Ode to G. I. Brown

You've heard of him, this G. I. Brown,  
His G. I. laughs and G. I. frown,  
His G. I. poems so full of fun,  
His G. I. jokes when day is done!

At times I wonder—if G. I. Brown,  
Who needs a kingly humorist's crown,  
In G. I. mood makes G. I. love,  
And coos and woos like any dove.

He's full of humor—this G. I. Brown,  
The boys he never let them down,  
With soft heart and ready smiles,  
That captivate with witty wiles!

—His Buddy

### "For National Defense"

I've signed up under Uncle Sam,  
I've heard his call to arms.  
And my buddies all around me,  
Come from factories and farms.

We will fight on together,  
To keep our liberty.  
We'll also keep our enemy,  
Far out upon the sea.  
So if all you young fellows  
Please take a tip from me,  
Sign up now with your Uncle Sam,  
And America will always be free.

Living under Uncle Sam,  
Is most the same as home.  
You have your daily job to do,  
And then comes time to roam.

Guns go roaring, and planes flying,  
And ships will sail the seas.  
So join up now with Uncle Sam  
And keep America free.

Uncle Sam can use you now  
Never as before  
To protect this wide nation  
And all along the shore.

You've heard my tale of Army life  
And as you well can see,  
The power of a great nation,  
Depends on you and me.

Don't be a coward, or a shirker,  
Show your colors true.  
Sign up now with Uncle Sam,  
For he depends on you.

### I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH\*

ALAN SEEGER

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple-blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year;  
And I to my pledged word am true—  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

# The Armour of Light

This is a garment that if rightly worn  
Will be as radiant as the sun at dawn.  
It is a splendid cloak that will adorn  
The plainest one who gladly puts it on.  
It will be pierced with some  
strange inward light:  
An incandescent burning that will glow  
As if a lamp were carried in the night  
Wherever they who don that armour, go.

Oh, let us put it on and walk the lands  
To help illuminate earth's darkened ways:  
Our faces glowing, torches in our hands,  
Before our feet the ever spreading rays  
Of hope and gladness, that the world may see  
The Holy Spirit's luminosity.

### The Soldier's Lament

They put me in the Army,  
And pay me twentyone;  
I go to sleep when dusk falls,  
And waken with the sun.

What does my day consist of?  
Well, here's the general plan;  
I hike and drill, and drill some more  
They say it makes a man.

My top-kick is the toughest guy  
That ever hit this earth;  
And of K.P.'s and details  
There never is a dearth.

I growl all day and grumble,  
And say I'm going to quit;  
And, how, when I get discharged,  
I'll do nothing else but sit.

But growling makes the soldier,  
And soldiering makes us tough,  
You know, I kind of like it  
So, I think that I'll re-up.  
Pfc. James J. Tennyson, Company K,  
16th Infantry, Fort Devens.



## THE SMALL WHITE CHURCH

By Lucile Hargrove Reynolds

The Sabbath bell no longer sounds  
Across the countryside;  
But man still hears an ageless Voice  
Which will not be denied.

It calls him to some altar place  
Where God comes down to bless  
Each worshiper, and set his feet  
On paths of righteousness.

So through the years he leans upon  
The strength such hours impart,  
And cherishes the small white church  
Imprinted on his heart.

### Final Salute

He shall sit in the halls of The Mighty  
In a Palace that's made of Gold,  
And They all will stand at attention  
While His deeds of valor are told.

There are troops that have gone on be-  
fore Him  
The Rank and the File are both there,  
But they've lost the grime of the battle  
They stand straight and tall and so fair.

Brass buttons are turned into diamonds  
And jewels of various hue,  
The drab into Robes of silver and gold  
With surcoat of violet blue.

No longer with feet tired and weary  
Do They wait for the end of the day,  
It is all dress parade, with their sandals  
made  
Of sunbeams to light the way.

And then they shall bivouac in Heavenly  
fields  
Where the flowers never shall fade,  
They've obeyed the last call, from the  
Captain of all  
Their final encampment is made.

### Poem

That night's solemnity: waves saying  
Nothing, lipping created  
By His word, an idiot's sound  
Ever, forever, Ourselves paralyzed

By our words' importance—tense,  
We could not convey enough, knowing  
The boundary reached (and no sub-  
mersion  
Of souls, as isolate as sails

Made out in darkness, moving  
On meaningless, separate as seas  
Landlocked) fixed by the walls  
Of being,—No mingling's there

That we tried to find, we who would.  
Forever lose, obsessed and denied  
By the image of sea, now knowing  
there  
Is no entrance, and no leaving

### On Our Fallen

—December 8, 1941—

The barracks now are silent  
Where once your laughter rang.  
The steel guitar is broken,  
Where round your bunks we sang!  
As the stars give way to morning  
In Oahu's cloud swept sky  
Old Glory's proudly waving there  
Seeped in heroes' crimson dye!

Can you hear us there in heaven,  
As the dawn patrol takes flight?  
On silvery wings your memory soars  
In holy freedom's fight!  
The kona wind blows softly now,  
The palm trees whisper low,  
But all America will remember  
Whence came this dastard's blow!

Let the Nipponese remember this  
As they cinge beneath the sky,  
At Hickam's flaming vengeance:  
For you the first to die!

—Pic. JOE BRIMM  
—Hickam Field, T.H.

## The 'Special Order' Blues

The following-named enlisted men  
Of the organizations indicated  
Who reported at this station here,  
Really oughta be syndicated.

Because there are so many of them  
And they each require time;  
We sorta wish they'd combine in to one  
And make our lives sublime.

First there's the fuss about rations,  
And that stuff of Basic Allowances—  
So everytime we put an order out—  
We're taking all sorts of chances.

And believe you me, this 16 g.,  
And this AR 35-20  
Can get you dizzy and soon you're willin'  
To admit you've really had plenty.

Just write me a paragraph 16 c.,  
And attach a section VIII—  
A delay enroute for a million days—  
Then toss me to my fate . . .  
—Pvt. Sylvan Cole, Jr., Headquarters Co.,  
15th Signal Service Co., Fort Monmouth.

## February Dusk

By T. O. Davis

The pine is sad, a mournful song  
Its numbed needles sing,  
With the roaring wind the leafless oak  
Does sorely toss the ring.  
Graying clouds from out the north  
Swing in against the sky,  
A flock of birds from out the hills  
In nervous haste dip by.  
The ridge stands out, a dancing line  
In the smoky cold,  
The sunset's glow from reddest flame  
Is now a dusty gold.  
The hearthstones burn, the shadows play  
Lazily on the wall,  
The chores are done, our day is through,  
And there's the supper call.

### To The Eighth

There's a Fort in the South they call  
Jackson.  
It's six miles from the nearest town.  
From far and near, many are sent here,  
For reasons of a National Defense.  
So let's swing and sway, the American  
way—  
With the EIGHTH on parade every day.  
\* \* \*

Step aside; Step aside;  
Watch the 8th as they glide—  
Down the field on parade every day.  
Not a twist, not a turn—  
Burly non-coms gruff and stern—  
As the Officers deliver each command.  
Left flank—Right flank—  
Company Halt!  
Tall and short—Slim and stout,  
Tell me what it's all about.  
Grumbling—growling—Corporals howling,  
Someone is falling out of rank.  
Get that man, pull him out,  
Give him K.P., hear him shout,  
It's a lesson no one wants to learn.  
So let's make a date—where we can watch  
the EIGHTH,  
On parade, every day—on parade.

## Light

My days were once such shining things,  
I seemed to feel I wore bright wings;  
Came dark I had not known before,  
And folded wings too weak to soar.  
Yet, somehow spite of grief and care,  
There grew the sense that God was there.  
'Twas strange! He seemed not near to me  
When hours were filled with laughter free.  
Lord! Didst Thou clip these wings of mine  
To teach me how to lean on Thine?

Ethel B. Atwood

## He's A Good Soldier!

I love our Nation,—He loves it too,  
But my oblations go to the two  
My soldier lad and Uncle Sam's land  
So why feel sad when I understand:

### CHORUS:

He's a good soldier,—A grand soldier  
That grand good soldier-boy of mine,  
He's a brave soldier, a fine soldier,  
My fine brave soldier marching in the line  
Justice for all is the cry of his soul,  
Helping maintain it, the peak of his goal  
He's a good soldier,—a grand soldier,  
That grand good soldier-boy of mine.

I found a little quotation that  
amused me, and I thought you  
could enjoy it, too. Guess that is  
what accounts for our lack of pro-  
gress sometimes even when we  
hear better methods. Here 'tis:

"The sermon was ended  
They all turned and descended.  
The eels went on eeling,  
The pikes kept on stealing  
Much delighted were they  
But each preferred the old  
way."

### A POEM FOR LEADERS

Would you a child attempt to teach?  
Study his habits, nature, speech;

Make him tell you all you can;  
From this knowledge form your plan.

Begin with that which he does know,  
Tell him little and tell him slow.

Use words that he will know and feel,  
Review, call back, draw out at will.

Consult his tastes; help him to climb;  
Keep him working all the time.

Be firm, be gentle, love is strong;  
Look to Jesus, you'll not go wrong.

## Th' Keeper o' th' Soil

By LAWRENCE J. SMITH

MANY'S th' time I think,  
"Oh, well, what's th' use  
O' man a-slavin' his life away,  
Workin' his fingers to th' bone—  
Fer what?" I ask.

Yes, a man a-plowin' up th' soil,  
Th' hot sun a-bakin' yer very soul.  
A dollar here, a dollar there,  
An' ten times that ain't enough  
Fer what we do

Yes, what's th' answer, pray,  
To all this toil and sweat?  
Where's th' glory o' it all?  
Glory—ah, there's th' word—  
Fer what we do.

Me? I'm a keeper o' th' soil,  
Somethin' that belongs to God—  
His seed, His earth, His sun an' rain  
An' surely He does look to me—  
To till it.

### THIS COLD DARK CELL

Today my father put me in this narrow, cold, dark cell,  
And, while here, I see a story that 'round this world I'm going to tell.  
It's pretty tough, boys, right now, and may be tough for quite a spell,  
But I know enough about my Lord to know He doeth all things well.

My father put me here; said I was crazy as could be,  
But I had a vision my father did not happen to see:  
It was a beautiful vision, a vision so pure and sweet,  
A vision of thousands of sinners kneeling at Jesus' feet.

They were gathered there from the wide world around,  
And for each one there was a star added to my crown.  
Now, my father hasn't meant to mistreat me, or be unkind,  
But money has always been his god, and kept him blind.

As I sit here and hold these cold iron bars in my hand  
I am convinced that one has to have God's spirit to fully understand.  
Paul was a great preacher, and spent a lot of time in jails,  
But when the Lord got ready, the old apostle needed no bail.

Jeremiah was a prophet of God, and a good one, too;  
They said, "He weakeneth our army,—this will never do."  
So they cast him into the pit, 'way down in the mire,  
But God delivered him, as He did the Hebrew children from the fire.

They cast old Daniel into the hungry lions' den,  
And sold little Joseph to a bunch of merchantmen.  
Haman built a scaffold for a Jew by name of Mordecai,  
But it was not God's will that this Jew should die,

Something happened, as you all from Esther have likely read,  
And Haman was the guy who swung from the scaffold, dead.  
It's pitiful to think of Old Jeremiah, down in the muck and mire,  
But in due time he was out and told he could have his heart's desire.

The king's wrath was great, and the furnace was made exceedingly hot,  
Only to burn those that against the Hebrew children did plot.  
The story of Daniel in the lions' den is enough to make one wise,  
The lions refused to eat Daniel, but made a mess of some other guys.

There was a bunch that thought Noah was a crazy fool  
To build an ark so large and so far from even a pool,  
But they learned, too late, as others are doing today,  
That sin and unbelief in an all-wise God doesn't pay.

## SUNDOWN

### (A Southern Poem to Memorize)

While the hellish noises of war and  
greed and hate all but overwhelm the  
earth, these sunset lines of North Caro-  
lina's favorite poet keep echoing in our  
minds like the soft chimes of some far-  
off cathedral . . . or like the peace-  
bestowing benediction of some great  
souled man of God who knows th'  
somehow in the end, He will yet m:  
the wrath of man to praise Him:

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the  
west;  
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;  
The star of peace at watch above the crest—  
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;  
Wingless we move so lowly;  
But in Thy calm all-knowledge let us rest,  
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

—John Charles McNeill.

### "The Fighting Sixty Fourth"

I'm in the army across the sea,  
In the Sixty Fourth, with "battery E",  
They are the men, who man the lights,  
And give the gunner accurate sights.

They eat and sleep, most all the time,  
And sweat in men, who own a dime,  
They're rough and tough, and love the gals,  
Don't cross them up, they're my best pals.

If the Sixty Fourth, in battery "E",  
Should meet a foe, from o'er the sea,  
They'll fill the sky, with light so bright,  
And our winged foe, shall get a fight.

The Sixty Fourth, in battery "E",  
Are waiting for, the foreign flea,  
They've conquered countries, strong and  
brave,  
But the U.S. here, we'll always save.  
—Pfc. Chester A. Reed and Pvt. Leonard  
F. Gresen

## PRAYER

The following beautiful prayer  
was recently written by Dr. David  
Guyton, Mississippi's outstanding  
blind poet, who will some day  
take his place among the highest.  
We quote from this his latest mas-  
terpiece:

God give me vision to discern  
The way today my steps should  
turn  
To shun defeat and to attain  
The happy heights I hope to  
gain.

God give me courage to aspire,  
The grit to grasp my heart's  
desire,  
An iron will that scorns to  
yield,  
Whatever foeman takes the  
field.

God gve me patience to pursue  
The trail attempted, bravely  
through  
For fortitude to face each task  
Serenely, Lord, I fondly ask.

For lighter loads I breathe no  
prayer  
But for the sturdy strength to  
bear.  
Whatever burdens life may  
bring,  
The strength to bear them and  
to sing.

Go, give me faith to light the  
way  
And hope to turn to gold the  
gray,  
And love, O Lord, to make me  
true  
To self, to others, and to You.



By WALTER KIERNAN

Christmas Eve

So this is the night the magic star  
Was seen by the wise men from  
afar

This is the night he came to earth  
This is the night of holy birth,

So long in coming, so soon forgot  
Trial and torture; for his robe  
cast lots

Well that was the way of the world  
friend

And that's the way of the world  
again.

"Peace on earth to men of good  
will"

Brawl and fight and murder and  
kill

No one of us fit to touch his gown.  
Brag, boast, "throw your weight  
around."

No room at the inn for the Prince  
of Peace

Make it tough for him, maybe  
he'll cease

To come back each year and make  
us humble

Make us confess how badly we  
stumble.

God send us another magic star  
God send us wise men to read  
it afar

To set our feet in the path he trod  
The infant babe who is our God.

Thought for the day: Make  
straight the way of the Lord.

#### ARMY BONUS

SHAWNEE, Okla. — (AP) — When  
Orville Griggs, 18-year-old Meek-  
er farm boy, joined the Army Air  
forces as a mechanic he got a sort  
of a bonus—he got to talk over a  
telephone for the first time.

## Trees

Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day  
and lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that May in summer wear  
A vest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.



## KNOW SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT YOU

"Wouldn't this old world be better,  
If the folks we meet would say:  
I know something good about you,  
And then treat us just that way!  
Wouldn't it be fine and dandy,  
If each hand-clasp warm and true,  
Carried with it this assurance  
I know something good about you!  
Wouldn't things here be more pleasant  
If the good that's in us all,  
Were the only things about us,  
That folks bothered to recall!  
Wouldn't life be lots more happy  
If we'd praise the good we see!  
For there's such a lot of goodness  
In the worst of you and me.  
Wouldn't it be nice to practice  
This fine way of thinking too;  
You know something good about me,  
I know something good about you!"

## SPRING HAS OPENED

Spring has finally opened, for we see  
our friend Fred Sullens has written his  
first poem, and it is pretty good:

"There is very little trouble  
That happens to us today;  
It's the sorrow of tomorrow  
That drives our joys away.

We sometimes sit and wonder,  
And stew and foam and fret,  
For fear something's going to happen,  
But it hasn't happened yet.

There was once a lonely woman,  
Who cried down by the sea:  
What if my pretty children,  
All should perished be?"

Now this particular woman,  
Who thus did fret and fret,  
Is still a maiden lady,  
So it hasn't happened yet!"

## LISTENING IN

Listening in, how wonderful and  
grand,  
The whole world is now at our  
command.  
From North to South, from East  
to West;  
Sermons, addresses—the very best.  
Sweet music comes on ethereal  
wing  
For Radio makes the world to sing  
While we listen in.

Listening in, we heart the S. O. S.  
Of great vessels, their signals of  
distress.  
So relief ships quickly mount the  
waves  
And rescue hundreds from watery  
graves.

It is a wonderful age in which we  
dwell  
And marvelous things will Radio  
tell,  
When we listen in.

Listening in, we may hear the  
Father's voice  
As He bids His children to rejoice,  
Because to man such power is  
given  
That we can almost hear the mu-  
sic of heaven.  
God's word, broadcast to you and  
me  
No longer seems a mystery.

If we listen in.  
God's Radio stations along life's  
way  
Send to us messages every day.  
Messages of hope and comfort too,  
Telling us to be faithful and true.  
While these times our souls with  
terror fill,  
We can hear a soft whisper,  
"Peace be still,"  
If we listen in.  
—Mrs. L. M. Lipscomb.

## "THE DAY IS DONE"

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

One of the first to instill European culture in American literature was scholarly Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. After graduating from Bowdoin College in 1825 he was sent abroad to prepare for teaching. Longfellow accepted a professorship of modern languages at Harvard, but later resigned to devote himself to verse. He was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882.

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

## MOTHER . . . In Heaven

Somewhere in Heaven there is a room  
That she keeps as bright as her room on earth—  
Somewhere in Heaven small echoes creep  
From her murmured songs and her gentle mirth.

Somewhere in Heaven small angels come  
To beg for a cookie or ginger bread.  
Somewhere in Heaven her fingers sew  
On gay little dresses, blue and red!

Somewhere in Heaven I know she serves—  
For serving, it was, that gave her rest;  
And Heaven, I'm sure, is just a place  
Where we do those tasks which we once loved best!

De worm she is a funny thing;  
He got no leg, nor arm, no wing;  
She got no leg, but he can walk;  
He got a mout', but she can't  
talk;  
She walk wit no leg on de  
groun';  
Back and 'fort,' and don't turn  
roun';  
He built so clos' down to de dirt,  
If she fall down, he don't get  
hurt;  
An wen she whoa and back he  
go,  
Wher' is hees head, I lak to  
know.

## BE CHARITABLE

Don't be in a hurry to tell it,  
The tale that was whispered to  
you.  
Just wait 'til you find out about  
it  
For maybe it will not prove  
true.

And if it be false, think a mom-  
ent—  
Will you add to the cruel  
wrong?  
For falsehoods, like snowballs,  
grow larger  
The farther they travel along.

But if it be true, just forget it,  
For why should your lips ever  
repeat  
A tale that may ruin another  
And end all hopes in defeat?

So don't be in a hurry to tell it,  
The tale that was whispered to  
you  
For here is one thing to remem-  
ber—  
That whispered tales seldom  
are true.

## MY DESIRES

By Alba King-Hudson  
For I was hungered, and ye  
gave me meat; I was thirsty, and  
ye gave me drink; I was a stran-  
ger and ye took me in; naked and  
ye clothed me; I was sick and ye  
visited me; I was in prison and ye  
came unto me. Mat. 25:35-36.

I had rather be loved for a good-  
ness of heart  
Than blessed with a beauty rare;  
I had rather be loved for the joy  
I impart  
To those bowed down with care,  
Than to be the most beautiful  
girl on earth  
Who has never a thought of the  
sad,  
Or, to be possessed with countless  
worth  
That has never made someone else  
glad.

I hope to be loved by those  
shall feed,  
When hunger hath come their  
way;  
I hope to be able to give to those  
in need  
Of a drink, some warm summer's  
day;  
I hope in my home the Stranger  
shall find  
A welcome awaiting him;  
That the naked shall find warm  
clothes, to remind  
That the way isn't always cold  
and dim.

I hope to be loved by the sick and  
the sad  
As I visit them day by day;  
And bring to their eyes an ex-  
pression that's glad  
By the comforting things I will  
say;  
I hope to be loved by the prison-  
er too,  
As he waits for me to come;  
I hope to be loved because I am  
true,  
And try to bring joy to every one.

## CHANGED VOICES

Young man, young man,  
What is it you hear,  
When the dusk is stealing down  
And the stars appear?  
Singing voices come to me  
Through the lilac trees,  
And they fill my heart with ships  
And the crashing seas.

Old man, old man,  
What is it you hear,  
When the shadows hide the sun  
And the dark draws near?  
Weeping voices come to me  
Through the flying foam,  
And they fill my heart with dreams  
Of the fields—and home.

Edgar Daniel Kramer

## QUEEN FOR A MINUTE

There I was in far off Rumania  
And I sat in a golden chair.  
The maids in waiting were  
around my throne,  
A handsome young king was  
there.

I gave commands with the  
greatest of ease,  
They hastened to carry them  
out.

I would be seen ruling the  
whole world,  
I was queen beyond the shadow  
of a doubt.

A royal visitor entered my  
chamber,  
"Her Majesty," he addressed me  
"I've heard that you have a  
vacancy here,

Your foreign minister I seek to  
be."

He bowed, then saluted as gen-  
tlemen do,

And politely kissed my hand.  
As he left for the door, I sighed  
and thought,

"Well, that's a reasonable de-  
mand."

Suddenly I jumped, I know not  
why,

The maids in waiting were  
gone.

The handsome king was no  
longer near,

I was sitting there all alone.  
What's that? — the chair had  
turned to wood.

I learn from just one look.  
The royal visitor was the li-  
brarian,

Gee whiz! There was my history  
book.

—Nella Dean Mitchell, '43

## I DO NOT LIKE TO PRAY ALOUD

We have read many poems from our  
own Poet, David E. Guyton, but we  
commend the following poem under  
the above heading, as fitting our be-  
lief more than any he has ever written:

I do not like to pray aloud  
With men and women in a crowd.  
To me the Lord has eager ears  
And always listens, always hears.

I sometimes wonder, when we kneel,  
If God in heaven does not feel,  
That half the spoken prayers that  
rise  
Are merely meant to advertise.

It seems to me, I may be wrong,  
That when we wrestle loud and long  
With Love that yearns to grant and  
give,  
It is a burning lie we live.

When I desire to have a word  
Alone with God I can be heard  
Without a single uttered phrase,  
If my own heart within me prays.

My Father always understands.  
He comes with blessings in his hands.  
With loving wisdom, He bestows  
The best for me, because He knows.

I choose to come without a word,  
To come with faith I shall be heard.  
With men and women in a crowd,  
I do not like to pray aloud.

—David E. Guyton.



## To a June Graduate

I wish you joy:

Not that which comes  
From life without a care—  
A deeper joy which wells  
From having learned to meet  
Both joy and sorrow gallantly.

I wish you health of mind and heart  
From living much in God's great out-  
of-doors:

The peace of quiet streams;  
The gladness of the wind among the  
trees,  
And birds at dawn;  
The glory of the sunset.

I wish you usefulness in some real  
task

Worth while to human welfare,  
And in it joy of sacrifice  
For those who call you friend.

Clara Elizabeth Bartley

### Mothers of the Service

May the sorrowful mother's feelings  
As she kisses her son good bye,  
When he's called into the service,  
Whether land, or sea, or sky,  
Be changed to joyful sacrifice  
Just to watch those colors fly;  
For our fathers earned this freedom,  
Which we shall strive to keep,  
Let's do our best to save it,  
Though the price be awful steep.

We have lived in joy and laughter  
And our troubles have been few,  
So let's protect our privileges  
Which more countries once knew,  
But now, destroyed by some demon,  
Some within and some without,  
So, we freely to the service give  
Our sons, our hearts shall shout.

There'll be days before we see him  
But of whom we will be proud,  
For all troubles will be ended  
And our cries we'll shout aloud,  
"Hurrah! to all brave mothers  
Whom their sons they proudly gave,  
When they were called into the service,  
Thus the nation has been saved."

—Sgt. William G. Terry,  
Bolling Field, D. C.

### Soldier-Boy's Girl

It's been pretty lonesome here back home,  
Since you first went away;  
It's kinda hard to keep from missing,  
All those things you used to say.

It's rather sad to read those letters,  
You send me now and then;  
And to think of many lonely months,  
'Fore we'll be "two" again.

Your absence left me heartsick,  
And without your good-nite kiss;  
Life doesn't seem to hold for me,  
That one-time happy bliss.

As you toss and turn in your Army bunk,  
Beneath southern star-lit skies;  
Won't you think of me just a little,  
Before closing your tired eyes?

Won't you steal a look at my picture,  
During Reveille, Taps or Mess?  
Won't you tell your Army buddies,  
I'm the one you love the best?

I'll say a prayer each night you're gone,  
For God to keep you safe;  
And in your prayers I hope you've room,  
To keep me in first place.

Those southern girls are nice, no doubt,  
And you're only human, too;  
But please remember the one "a little bit  
better,"

'Waitin' way up North for you!

—Abbie Grace Lynch

### In Fact, I Like It!

I'm just a guy that was caught in the draft.  
They've shipped me off to the Antiair-  
craft.  
They gave me a tent, a trunk and a cot,  
And told me to drill, like it or not.  
I drilled for three weeks, out under the  
sun;  
The more I tried, the worse I done.  
But finally they told me that I would pass  
And gave me a mask and said "Test for  
Gas."

I tested for gas, and I thought I'd choke.  
They all had a laugh and thought it a  
joke.  
But after testing for gas two months of the  
year,  
I can do it now without shedding a tear.

The next thing they showed me was the .50  
gun.  
I took one look and decided to run;  
But they told me I didn't march with the  
thing;  
I just shot at airplanes, on the wing.

I've learned a lot in this A.A. outfit.  
There's a lot of work and we each do our  
bit.  
My buddies are swell and we have our fun  
After Retreat when our work is done.

I would like to say in closing this letter,  
That the food is good but it could be  
better.  
But the Army's OK, and I'm glad I'm  
here.  
But I'll be glad to get home at the end  
of the year.

—Private James W. Bigham, Battery "E",  
260th CA (AA), Fort Bliss.

### Gripe

For Army's corn I've no regrets  
Nor for the pains that it besets;  
But corn that turns my innards out  
Is corn that Army poets spout.

Their thoughts are fine—the're quite the  
stuff!  
But that, itself, is not enough.  
They fail to make the proper rhyme  
Or make the proper metre time.

They use iambic for a spell  
But then they let it go to hell  
And ramble on in amphibrac  
Then, lo, they take iambic back.

To make a rhyme they skip a beat  
And stretch the next to make it meet.  
It makes me want to tear my hair . . .  
(That is, if I had some to spare!)

But don't give up or lose your hope  
Because of chidings by a dope.  
My verse is right—but for my theme  
I must admit I'm "off the beam."  
—Corporal Robert L. Lucas, Fort Story,  
Va.

### I'm Just Blue

God, shower your blessings down on me,  
A soldier in the Great Army.  
I work and walk in the sun all day,  
For twenty-one bucks a month, base pay.

I get up in the morning, before day light,  
Never get to bed before late that night.  
I don't mind the work, I don't mind the  
drills,  
But I hate like the devil to climb those  
hills.

My clothes don't fit; my tent's too hot.  
For civilian life, I'd give a lot.  
I don't mind the grub, and the old tin  
spoons,  
But I get darn tired of apricots and  
prunes.

We stand retreat each night at half-past-  
four;  
To salute the Colors is one thing I adore.  
I'm just a blue Soldier in a sorry mood,  
Wanting someone true, over me to brood.  
—Pfc. Earl D. Franklin, Hdq. Co.,  
157th Inf., Camp Berkeley, Tex

### The Quartermaster Corps Song

We hail the men on the fighting line  
For the splendid jobs they've done  
And join the folks who honor them  
For every vic'try won  
But who do you think's responsible  
The back bone of each fray  
The man who see that all goes well  
Who really pave the way—

We're com-pan-y "B" of the fif-ty-fourth  
Of the Quar-ter-master Corps  
Our Sta-tion is the Arm-y Base  
At Bos-ton har-bor's door  
We've got a great bunch from privates on  
up  
Our Of-fi-cers are swell  
In heav-y main-t'nance we're the tops  
Here's more than we should tell.

### CHORUS

Sure it's us—Who? the Quartermaster  
Corps  
The men who run the U. S. Army  
What do we mean? O. K. Just Listen  
And we'll tell you how we strut our stuff  
We house, and clothe and feed  
We've got ev'rything they need  
In supplies, Construction, Transportation  
So it's us you see who run the Arm-y  
Who? THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS.

—Howard S. Pember.

### The Air Force

I joined the Army, not to go to war,  
That is the reason I am in the old Air  
Corps.  
"Every day's a holiday, a picnic every meal,"  
That's what the Sergeant said, and it's the  
way I feel.

We have dessert three times a day and  
everything to eat,  
And nothing on the table but the choicest  
cuts of meat.  
We never do a K. P., never stand a guard,  
We have to drill one hour a year, by Allah,  
that is hard.

We never carry a forty-five, it must be a  
fable,  
The only time we see side arms, is on the  
breakfast table.  
We ride in silver airplanes, above the moun-  
tain tops,  
We go to town 'most every night, we sleep  
in beds, not cots.

Now, boys, don't join the Navy, 'cause  
you'll have to go to sea,  
But visit the "Recruiting Sergeant" and let  
the Navy be.  
is a tease,  
Join the Army Air Corps, and live a life  
of ease.

### The Rugged Wolfhounds

We're the rugged wolfhounds,  
A rugged bunch are we.  
For we're always on the move,  
As one can plainly see.

We're the best of doughboys,  
For we almost beat them all,  
And we're always there on time,  
Wherever duty calls.

We do a lot of hiking,  
And get blisters on our feet.  
But we always keep on moving,  
Whether there's rain, mud, or heat.

When we have maneuvers,  
We play the "war game" right,  
And at the end, the umpires say,  
"The Wolfhounds won the fight."

So it's the rugged outfit,  
In which we'll always be,  
It's the rugged Wolfhounds,  
The 27th Infantry.  
—Pvt. George Kizis, Co. "F," 27th Inf.,

### UNTOUCHED

A white page has so many possibilities  
Unullied—  
So strange a fascination!  
Yet when one mark has touched  
Its shining surface—ill or good—  
No longer does it charm and hold  
With subtle invitation.

### Bossier City Epic

There's a town called Bossier City where  
the milkmaid sings her ditty,  
And Bucolic Farmers cut the weaving  
hay—  
Where the peddlers stop and putter as they  
sell their eggs and butter  
While discussing current gossip of the  
day.  
There's a little ten-cent movie where I met  
a girl named Susie  
While enjoying seeing "Broncho Bill's Last  
Ride"  
And when it came to osculation, she cou'd  
start the palpitation  
Of my heart—Just any time she tried.  
She was dumb, yet full of grace, and she  
had a pretty face  
And her manners they were nice and full  
of fun,  
But as things were getting warmer, I just  
couldn't stand the farmer,  
And the corner where he kept his loaded  
gun.  
He would manage to be near and he kept  
me full of fear  
While his Susie (in the darkness) I'd be  
a'sparkin'  
So—a gentleman I was, (and did as a  
gentleman does)  
For I loved to hear that Reveille in the  
mornin'.  
So take a hint from a pal—, and leave  
alone the farmer's gal  
And all that does pertain to farms—and  
farmin' . . .  
And do right by little Nell, or you'll be  
a'wakin' up in Hell  
To stand Reveille with the Devil in the  
mornin' . . .

—Don D'Acosta, 55th School Sq.,  
Barksdale Field, La.

### The Army

The Army has her ways and wiles and  
wonders,  
Her martinets, her pretty griefs that pain.  
She has her stormy moments and her thun-  
ders;  
Her hours of boredom and her raging main.  
She has her share of God-forsaken out-  
posts;  
Her stations where the sniper's bullet stings;  
Her way of battling down the savage War-  
host;  
Her sad, sad songs that every soldier sings.

Yet when you leave the Army far behind  
you  
And seek some other Job to do instead;  
You'll see the brave companions that she  
gave you  
And you'll think of all the witty things they  
said.  
You'll see the Army in its true perspective.  
You'll see her as you know she might have  
been  
Had you been just a little more reflective  
About her size, her job and, over all, her  
men.  
—Leonard C. Carstens, Ft. Worden, Wash.

### For Possible Reference

He's sent me his number, my soldier son  
"For possible reference," he said  
That means he can be identified  
If some day he is sent back, dead.

It tells me that if my baby son  
Is killed in that far-off place  
I can bring him back to a soldier's grave  
Then the future, without him, must face.

Last summer we lived in a dear little house  
And this winter, no home have we  
My soldier for long weeks has been gone  
"In defense," as I hope it will be.

See that his Mother can do, these days  
Uncle Sam, I'll try so hard to do.  
But life will be sad till my soldier returns  
It's heartbreaking to give him to you.

### Bundles

Many months now we've been sending  
"Bundles" out across the sea,  
Clothes and planes and ammunitions.  
Aid for British "Victory."

Once again we're sending "Bundles,"  
"Bundles" on a different plan,  
Shot from guns and neatly labeled,  
CAUTION—"Bundles" for Japan!!!  
—By Cpl. John T. Carroll, Hamilton Fd.,  
Calif.





**THE GIRL YOU LEFT BEHIND**  
 Whether you're a draftee or regular or not,  
 Remember the girl who hasn't forgot.  
 She longs to hear from you, believe that she does,  
 You're her soldier, the man whom she loves.

She looks for your letters anxiously each day,  
 She can't understand why you don't write, being  
 miles away.  
 She's charmingly sweet, she loves you true,  
 But if you're not careful another man will  
 woo

The girl you reluctantly left behind  
 But seemingly forgot through a stretch of  
 time,  
 And when you return smart looking in  
 soldier clad  
 You might find the girl you love married  
 to another lad.

Mary Mabel McLallen



Mary Mabel McLallen

radio announcers were interrupting Sunday programs with hash bulletins, extras were being shouted in the streets—"Japs bomb Hawaii!"

In that one stunning sentence, the whole world changed for America. As incredulous citizens listened to radios or scanned brief headlines, a way of life changed for them. Gone was the

Remember Pearl Harbor. Remember the pernicious Japs that hid their bombers in the dawn sky to strike men down as they slept.

"Remember Pearl Harbor" and remember that Americans never forget while their enemies live!

THE END

high in his heart,  
 For lovers who love  
 as you and I  
 May be separated, but  
 never part.

ed, will lie still,  
 Then we will find each  
 other again  
 I believe, for it must  
 be God's will.

It was a week before Mr. Bourland, his wife hter, Julia Bourland, trip. Two days after at place up there, Julia acquainted with Clif

ne old man liked him, because time opportunity presented Charles would display his

Made A Hit

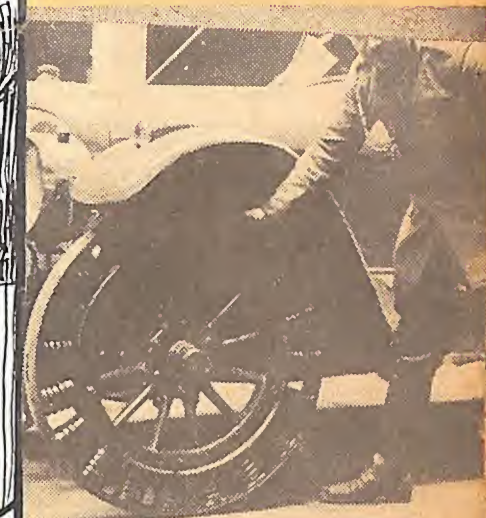
made a hit

Like it is in America today, the tire problem was a serious one in German-occupied Belgium in 1918, but the Germans met the rubber shortage by equipping autos with wheels having coil springs and steel rims. This old picture was brought back by R. L. Nailling, now of Dyess, Ark., who served with the A. E. F. in 1917-18.

landin' to hail a down steamboat. Julia, who had become suspicious of him, watched him that night. She trailed him down to the river with a rifle hidden under a shawl. When she heard a steamboat coming just about daylight, she hid behind a clump of bushes, drew a bead on Charles and fired at him.

The bullet hit Charles in one shoulder, caused a wound, but grabbing up his sack of gold, so heavy he could hardly carry it, he ran to Julia and grabbed her by the throat, choked her unconscious tied her to a pile of brush and set it on fire. The burning brush served to hail the boat.

Saw Ghostly Light



one of the ferris Co



## ON GUADALCANAL



**P. F. C. Randell E. Henderson**

Private Randell E. Henderson enlisted in the Marine Corps over a year ago and is now with that group fighting the Japs in the Solomon Islands. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Henderson, and brother of Mrs. J. A. Fillingim, all of Louisville. His parents last heard from him November 22nd, when he said he was doing fine and hoped to be home soon.



No. 1601  
FOR REFILL, ASK FOR  
No. 611



Irene Jones	Jack Stricklin
Ray M <sup>c</sup> Kee	Earl Lester
Harold Sanders	Rachel Cardia
Elmy Jones	Arlin Carter
Ernest Silberstueck	Sue Hatcher
Coach Jackson	James Brasher
Bill Giffin	Dane Patterson
Dora Lee Strickpatrick	W. D. Dutchworth
Ed Lucas	Clara Sanson
Maston L. Shaw	Albert Hallingworth
Marquette Berry	Felle Payne
Lloyd Dawson	Dan Harris
Buster Humphries	Harvey Jn. Harris
Mrs. Jessie Sullivan	Robert Swift
Emogene L. Hunt	Rudolph Rosey
Johnny Masinko	Pauline Kersh
Lis Thomas	Joie Gray
Mike J. Wroch	Stavus Lee
E. G. Lawhorn	Bug Estes
J. D. Blackwood	Clyde Elay
Mary Lee Trip	Margie A. Freeman
Richard Castle	Bob Giffin
Francis Idom	Bobbie Mello
Bobby Carson	Molly Freeman
L. H. Smith	Margaret Diskel
Ralph Smith	Hershel Russell
Frank Giffin	Marie Sherman



James Clark  
Wayne Anderson  
Jean Roberts  
Bill Taylor  
Johnny Smith  
Sam Fauts  
Albert Estes  
Duck Wilks  
Jack Bray  
Gene Garbrough  
James Smith  
Mary Brown  
Thomas Smith  
Margie Ledlow  
Billy Joe Livingston  
Salaw Wilks  
Ray Bliskie  
"Papa" Estes  
H. L. M. C. Baugh  
Lyle Tate  
Miss Faye Coats  
Ozborn Driskell  
Billie M. C. Daniel  
Monogene Harrison  
Jack Jackson  
Billie Agard  
Herman Kemp

Clarence D. Garbrough  
Arwyn Dues  
Vernon Mitchell  
Melvin Mathews  
Lorraine Turner  
May Johnson  
Billie Parks  
Ray Foul  
M. C. Jones  
Vaughnie Lester  
Mrs. Jackson  
James Greener  
Bruce Roale  
Martin Smith  
Druidt Jackson  
Flora Lee Hamilton



Acquaint Children with important things in Lit. Some are:

1. Nursery rhymes
2. Folk tales
3. & series of child life.
4. Seasonal poems.
5. Poems of heroes of past.
6. Further long of poetry said we have favorite poetry & poets.

Should appreciate humor in Lit. A study of short collection should be appealing to students of various ages. Work of short criterion. Should give themes of

work of this nature would include

1. Class collecting poems about sea.
2. Famous rides
3. Poems describing trees.
4. " " " " heroes
5. upper Elem. about death

grouping poems will develop an awareness of form & varied styles which characterize certain writers. The Elem school should lead children by time they have 6th grade to have favorite poets



+ poems, to know some types that prevail under writers + enjoy them when reading together. If E.E. School does these things it will be doing a service of enriching lives.

### Davis, Creative writings

Children like to think of themselves as writers of poetry plays etc. There are rhymes which most children like. Many children begin in pre school day + are ~~then~~ ready to write them in Elem. grades. The motive is direct appreciation. The pupil enjoys rhymes, rimes + alliteration, much as it does lullabies. The child put words hard to get words for his poetry. Such is closely related to rhythm training in music + Phy. Ed. Such may be inspired by dramatic teacher. who approves, but individual pupil - author must be free to express + interpret



4 free from embarrassment.



## Traffic lights

Red light, red light,  
What do you say?

I say, "Stop,  
and stop right away!"

Yellow light, yellow light,  
What do you mean?

I mean "Wait —  
Till the light turns green!"

Green light, green light,  
What do you say?

I say, "Cross!  
But look each way!"

Thank you, thank you,  
Red, yellow, green,

Now I know  
What traffic lights mean!



Pretending

C. Lee

1. Draw a box



2. Draw a top



3. Draw a ball



4. Draw a chair





# THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE

December 9, 1942

Miss Earlyne Wood  
Box 306  
East Central Junior College  
Decatur, Mississippi

Dear Miss Wood:

I enclose herewith application blanks and information concerning the requirements for admission and fees of our School of Nursing. Classes are admitted quarterly, and our next vacancies are for the March, 1943, section. If you wish to be considered for admission at that time, fill out the application for admission and return it to me promptly. Have your dentist and your physician complete the pre-entrance dental and medical records. These should be returned with the application for admission. Give the blank for your secondary school record to the principal of your high school and have him complete it and forward it directly to my office. Have your college registrar send me a transcript of your record to date. You should attend to this promptly.

Very truly yours,



R. H. Miller, M.D.  
Assistant Dean

REM  
lm



# THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE SCHOOL OF NURSING

## Program of Study

Two programs of study are open to students in this school. One program, which is three years in length, leads to the certificate in nursing; the other, the five-year combined Science Nursing Curriculum, leads to the degree of Bachelor of Nursing, as well as the certificate in nursing.

### A. Science-Nursing Program

In this combined curriculum, the first two years (pre-hospital period) may be spent in any accredited college and the last three years in the School of Nursing, devoting this time to the basic professional program. The following courses must have been completed before entering the School of Nursing:

First Year		Second Year	
Subject	Qr. Hrs.	Subject	Qr. Hrs.
English	9	Psychology	9
Biology	12	Sociology	9
History, Economics, or		Chemistry or Physics	12
Mathematics	9	Electives	15 to 18
Electives	15 to 18		

Electives should be selected from the following subjects:

English and American Literature	Botany
History	Art Appreciation
Political Science	Music Appreciation
Advanced Chemistry	Foods and Nutrition
Advanced Zoology	

### B. Basic Professional Program

Requirements for Admission:

1. Applicants for admission must be at least eighteen years of age. (It is recommended that when possible girls have one or more years of experience beyond high school before entering the school of nursing.)
2. Each applicant is required to furnish a health certificate signed by a physician and a dentist showing that she is physically sound. She must be of average height and not more than twenty per cent over or under normal weight for height.
3. Each applicant is required to furnish evidence of having completed successfully four years of high school or fifteen high school units in an approved school. Of the units required, three must be in English and two in Mathematics. Not more than three units may be offered in vocational subjects, and courses in sciences are strongly recommended.



MISS EARLINE WOOD – Funeral services for Miss Earline Wood, 20, were conducted by Rev. W. L. Day in the family home in the Calvary Community Monday morning, January 25, 1944, at 10:30. Rev. C.P. Thrailkill assisted and Dr. L.O. Todd, President of East Central Junior college, Decatur offered a beautiful tribute. Music was provided by residents of the Calvary Community and a special song was sung by Prof. Perry and County Superintendent Julian Cunningham. Burial was in the Mt. Carmel Cemetery at Noxapater with Harris Funeral Home in charge.

Miss Earline was last in town on Thursday afternoon a week ago. She had contracted flu and was taken to her bed on Thursday evening. As her condition continued to grow worse, spinal meningitis developed, and she passed away Sunday morning at 11 o'clock,

The deceased leaves a devoted father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Wood; three sisters, misses Esther, Lorene, and Lucille; one brother, James; grandmother, Mrs. Anna Wood, all of Calvary community and a grandfather, P.C. Myres who resides near Hinze.

She was a graduate of the Louisville High School in the class of 1941 and graduated at East Central Junior College, Decatur in 1943. Her church membership was in the Decatur Baptist Church. Among those from out of the county to attend the funeral was Mrs. Jackson, dean of women at E.C.J.C., who accompanied Dr. Todd.

Having resided in the home of Rev. C.P. Thrailkill several months while she was employed at the local hospital, he offers the following tribute:

"Miss Earline Wood was one of the most promising girls of our county. Her character was above reproach and her ideals and standards were far above the average. All her life she had cherished an ambition to become a trained nurse and to help relieve suffering. She possessed tireless energy, a bright and cheerful disposition, a kindly spirit and a tender and sympathetic nature. On being accepted for training by a New Orleans Hospital her joy was unbounded. But her Master called her to service in a higher sphere and while she did not realize her highest ambition in this world we know that she will more than realize it in the realm to which she has been called."